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ELINOR PRESTON;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(Continued from our last.)

Poor George could give me little comfort, but what he could he did. Maria Dillon and Arthur, too, were more than kind. No sooner did they learn that our things were under seizure than Arthur hurried off to Mr. O'Shaughnessy, and both went together to try and arrange matters, so that the bailiffs should be withdrawn. This they found impracticable, as the sum due for rent alone was very considerable,—much more than, under the circumstances, Arthur could reasonably think of advancing, and nothing less would appease the inexorable creditor, who had been for years and years the easiest of landlords to my father. He seemed to have got a nervous fear of our unfortunate chattels being spirited away, and he being left in the lurch, as he elegantly expressed it. So the bailiffs remained in undisputed possession of the house during the three days and nights of the wake. If Larry had got his way, their triumph would not have been so easy, for his fingers were itching, he said, "to send that black a-vised chap in the hall head foremost into the street—and maybe the fellow up-stairs wouldn't follow him in double quick time!" said poor Larry, "if you'd only let me at them, Master George,—now do, Sir!—why I declare to you that woman of mine can hardly keep her hands off them!"

My brother had some difficulty in persuading the faithful servitor that any attack on the bailiffs would only add to the misfortunes of the family, and this being once impressed on Larry's mind, he promptly conveyed the intelligence to Nancy, and both heroically resolved "to let them fall into other hands."

Alfred, who was then near the end of his noviciate, came with one of the Fathers to visit us during those dreary days, and I remember we were all highly offended at what we considered his coldness. We could not understand the sustaining power of religion when it wields dominion over the soul. I have now little doubt that Alfred loved my father as sincerely as any of us, and that his sorrow was to the full as great as ours, especially when he found that the death of that dear parent had been both "sudden and unprovided," but at the time I thought him cold and heartless, and George, I believe, told him as much of *his* mind. Poor Alfred: he only smiled—very faintly, too—and said: "Do you think so, George?" Alas! his own face was, at the moment, as colorless as that of the corpse—now laid in its coffin—and his voice, when he spoke, had a tremulous tone, broken very, very often by a short, asthmatic cough. So he only said: "Do you think so, George?—well, perhaps I *am* unfeeling." He turned to the bed on which the coffin was laid, and stood for a few moments regarding the corpse in silence. He was in the shade of the door, which was open, but I saw a tear trickling down his pale cheek, and that tear melted the ice that had been gathering on my heart. I went up to him and took his hand and squeezed it hard, hard. He turned and met my eye, and his whole face was lit up with a momentary gleam of sunshine. The feeling, I suppose, was too natural, too earthly for that pure world-detached spirit, for he instantly resumed the grave, collected mien now habitual with him, and told Father B—— he was ready to go. Having taken a kind leave of us who were still in the flesh, he bent for one brief moment over the fastly-changing remains of our good father—a tremor shook his whole frame, doubtless as he thought of the immortal soul which had so lately "shuffled off that mortal coil"—but no audible sound escaped him. Before any of us could get out a word, he and his revered companion had glided from the room like beings from another world, cold, and calm, and pulseless—at least to all human appearance. I can hardly describe the effect of this visit. On me it had a soothing and, at the same time, a beneficial effect—such a picture of early detachment from the world in a brother whom I had known but lately so full of human affection, so wrapped up, as it were, in the little circle that formed *his* world—such a picture had an indescribable charm for me, and I felt myself all the better for it. But George was very, very angry,—I believe he hardly ever forgave Alfred—and Carry pursed up her pretty lips, and said Alfred had grown *so* cold that she couldn't have thought it possible. He cared nothing about poor papa—that was plain. Little did they know of the workings of that young heart which had so early schooled itself to conformity with the evangelical counsels.

Next day we followed the mortal remains of my father to their last resting-place. His grave was made beside my mother's in Glassnevin, and oh! how closely we three orphans clung together—how tenderly George supported each drooping sister as we stood to see the narrow house filled up. I well remember how hard it was for me to realize to myself that it was *my father* whom I saw thus covered up in the dark, lonely grave. He whom we had seen so full of life—so cheerful and so busy but one short week before. Ah! death! death! how wondrous, how absolute is thy power, fell destroyer that thou art!

The funeral was small, very small, considering the prominent position which my father held. This at the time gave us little trouble, but now when I look back on the events of my past life through the softening haze of time, I feel as though the ingratitude of our quondam friends *ought* to have made me sick of the world. But I was young then, and the hollowness of worldly friendship was something which I could not realize, let its proofs be ever so manifest. It is only the sad experience of years that can strip the world of its spacious veil,—the young heart cannot go beyond appearances, and they are very fair, very prepossessing, indeed!

The Dillons insisted on our going home with them, but George and myself both felt as though it would only make us worse. "The old house at home," was not to be left to its loneliness so very soon, with all its ancestral *plenishing*, every article and item of which was now an honored memento of "the loved and lost." Besides the bailiffs were there, and we did not choose to leave poor Larry and Nancy to utter loneliness, so *home* we went. Oh! what a home it was!

Tea was brought up at the usual hour, and we sat around the table not to eat or drink, but to weep in silence—none of us could even speak of our loss. All at once, the door-bell rang, and a cheerful voice was heard in the hall talking to Nancy. All the way up the stairs, clatter, clatter went the tongue,—a heavy foot stumped along the passage—a knock at the drawing-room door, and in came Mr. O'Shaughnessy, all flushed and breathless after his long walk, as he took good care to tell us after he had established himself in a chair at the table beside Carry.

"Humph! what's this I see?—crying, eh? Dry your eyes every one of you now—George, I'm really ashamed of you!—don't let me see another tear—mind that now!—I'll have no such nonsense here!—that's all about it! Give me a cup of tea, Elinor,—that's it—hand me that bread and butter, Carry—thank you, sweetheart!—ha! ha!—I used to call you 'little wifie,'—I think you *must* come and keep house for me *now*!"

Thus did the good man rattle on,—it is true he did most of the talking himself, except that George now and then put in some stray words, but his presence was worth gold to us. Sometimes we could not help smiling at the quaint drollery of his remarks. After tea, just when we began to fear that he was thinking of going, he established himself in the memorable chair so doubly haunted with ghostly memories, and declared his intention of staying all night. This cheered us more than a little for the comical face of our old friend was pleasant to look upon, and the dismal shadows which follow in the train of death and sit brooding over the stricken household, took wings to themselves and flew away at the sound of his merry voice.

Next morning after breakfast Mr. O'Shaughnessy took George off with him to his office for a few hours, charging me to be sure and have something nice for dinner. While Nancy and I were just consulting about how the "marketing" was to be got, in came a large basket of all the delicacies of the season, sent home by the worthy lawyer on his way to his office.

During the morning, Nancy came to ask me if I would be good enough to go and look over a letter that Larry had just been writing to a brother of his in America. "He's been at it off and on this fortnight, Miss," said Nancy, "an' he just finished it this mornin'. Little thoughts he had when he began it of the news he'd have to put in before it was done."

"But why does he want me to read it, Nancy?" I asked as we went down the kitchen stairs.

"Well! to tell you the truth, Miss Elinor," said Nancy with a grin that reached from ear to ear, "he can't make head or tail of it himself, an' both him an' me 'id like to hear what's in it, before it goes."

If it had been at another time, I would have enjoyed this amazingly, and even as it was, I could not help smiling. I found poor Larry in a doleful plight at the kitchen-table with a newspaper spread out under his letter to save the table from the inky abomination so visible on his own ten fingers, and even on his mouth he looked disheartened, too, and not a little puzzled.

"Why, what's the matter, Larry?" I inquired, affecting not to know.

"Well! it's this bit of a letter, Miss! I'd be thankful to you if you'd read it for me—an' indeed, I don't like to ask you, on account of the sorrowful news that's in it. But, sure, Miss Elinor dear! you'll not mind it! It's what we must all come to, an' I hope it's a happy change for the poor master, anyhow!

Larry's admonition was quite superfluous, for, after a careful investigation, and many fruitless attempts, I was forced to declare that it was all Greek and Latin to me. Larry's hieroglyphics went far beyond my skill, and I told him so very gravely.

"Lord bess me," cried Nancy, her big round eyes protruding far from their sockets, "what sort of a letther is it, at all, when even Miss Elinor can't make out what's in it?"

"Never mind!" said Larry, beginning with great coolness to fold the precious document, "never mind, honey!—we'll put it in the post anyhow, plase God! They say they're the mischief at reading letthers in America!"

I had some difficulty in persuading Larry to let me write a letter for him. It was too much trouble, he said, especially as I had trouble enough on my mind already. But at last he gave in, having furnished me with Nancy's help, with the various items of news which he wished to convey to his brother Owen in Canada. Little thoughts had I then that this letter, at which I often laughed in after days, was destined to influence my future life. But so it was.

Day after day passed away, heavily and slowly enough, it is true, but still they passed. The auction was at length over. The furniture so carefully selected and so well preserved through many a changeful year—each article vested with its own varied associations—all, all was gone, scattered abroad through scores of households, where their value was merely that of "second-hand furniture." Mr. O'Shaughnessy, however, had managed to secure "the old arm-chair" which my father had charged us to keep. Oh! the breaking up of a family—especially if death has brought it about—what is there in all this wide, cold world so dreary, so heart-rending! Many a time during those melancholy days that it lasted did I wish that I, too, occupied a quiet grave in the family-lot in Glassnevin. Of course, the wish was sinful, and as such duly repressed, but its substance was in my poor sinking heart.

When all was over, and everything sold, we had the additional consolation of being informed that we were very nearly penniless. A matter of fifty pounds fell into our hands, and even that sum we hardly expected. Of this poor George would only take ten pounds to buy himself a decent suit for his mourning, Mr. O'Shaughnessy taking him from that day into a sort of partnership, whereby a reasonable salary was at least secured to him, and that was the old man's object. The nuns of Cabra insisted on taking Carry to themselves. In vain did she assure them that she "*wouldn't* be a nun," and being then fully eighteen, she had a right to judge for herself, she said. But the good sisters would have her try (knowing well all the time that she had no vocation) so as that she might be near Emily in the meantime. This was a great inducement, and poor Carry could not hold out when Emily appealed to her sisterly affection. I, too, was persuaded by the kind sisters to make their house my own, at least for a time, on the plea that I could help them in the school.

Mrs. Dillon, on the other hand, urged me to spend some time with her, and as George pleaded hard for me to remain near him, I at length consented.

A full year was spent under the hospitable roof of Arthur Dillon, and if the load of sorrow was not removed from my heart, it certainly was not for want of the kindest and most unremitting attention on the part of the whole family. I might, perhaps, except the elder Mrs. Dillon, who, having been raised by her husband's successful speculations, at rather an

advanced age, to a position which she had never dreamed, had never been able to divest herself of the coarse and somewhat boisterous vulgarity which had been through life her prevailing characteristic. On such a nature as hers, the acquisition of wealth has anything but a refining tendency. If they are naturally, or habitually vulgar, riches do but make them more vulgar still, and such was the case with the lady in question. Still, under all that thick crust of vulgar assumption, Mrs. Dillon, senior, had a kind, good heart, and those who knew her best, were disposed to overlook those faults, which were chiefly on the surface, in consideration of the genuine worth which was even studiously, it would seem, concealed within. The misfortunes of our family would undoubtedly have opened a path for myself to Mrs. Dillon's heart, were it not for an unlucky little peculiarity of hers which militated against me. She either had, or affected to have, a profound contempt for what she called "larned people," and however she managed to include me in that honored class, she certainly did so, to my great misfortune. I suppose it was all along of my having been brought up at a boarding-school, for good Mrs. Dillon was in the habit of declaring with characteristic energy that "them boordin'-schools were fit for nothing only turning the heads of young girls—if she had fifty daughters," she used to add, "she wouldn't send one of them to a boordin'-school," nor was there any exception made in these remarks in favor of conventual education. "They're all six-o'-one and half-a-dozen of the other." Many a fine sensible girl gets spoiled among them. And why wouldn't they?—sure it's ladies they all want to be—larnin' to play on the pianos, and sing songs in Italian, to be sure, and French, and all of them out-of-the-way languages—that nobody understands what they're singin'—not even themselves, for all *I* know—an' then when they come home to their poor old par-ents, it's what they'll turn up their nose at the darning of a stocking or the making-up of a bed, or anything that would be useful to the family. Ah! if I was their mother, maybe I wouldn't keep them at home altogether and make them learn to work—I'd see them far enough before I'd be payin' out what *they* ought to do, an' have them sittin' up in the parlor, singin' their *fa-sol-las*. Look at Elinor Preston there," she would generally wind up, "what is *she* good for now?—tell me that!—Maria's bad enough, God knows, but then it pleased Providence to leave her independent, so that she can pay others to do her work. But Elinor, poor girl! hasn't a shilling to jingle on a tombstone.

Here I used to break in, though my heart was bursting, with, "I beg your pardon, my dear Mrs. Dillon! my funds are not quite so low as that—you seem always to forget—"

"Well! well! how long would your poor penny of money last you, if you hadn't friends like us to keep you! Now I want to know what good your fine edication does you? Tell me that, now!"

There was no answering this triumphant appeal—Maria and I would exchange glances, the dutiful daughter-in-law would answer as expected, with a forced laugh! "True for you, mother dear," and poor Elinor Preston would change color, and bend very low over the book or work in her hand. Ah! those were trials at the time—perhaps grievous trials, but now I can view them with a smile when I take into account the heavy balance of genuine, unsophisticated kindness recorded in my heart in favor of that very woman. It is hard to bear malice against the dead. Their little failings, however annoying they might have been to us at the time, dwindle into nothing, when viewed through the softening haze of years, with the saddening reflection that the strange mixture of good and ill—the being of whom they were a part, is long since mouldered into dust. As that thought takes possession of the mind how tenderly do we glance over those peculiarities whether of mind or manner, and fix our sorrowing gaze on the gem whose lustre they once obscured—the sincere and upright mind, the warm, trusting heart!

(To be continued.)

QUAILS EXTERMINATED.—In several sections of the Northwest—we trust it is not universal—the race of quails is almost extinct. The causes of this may be found in the severity of the winters and the rascality of troops of fellows disgracing the name of sportsmen, who know no better then to shoot a quail with sixteen eggs in her nest. Regions where these beautiful birds were abundant two years ago, are quailless. Not a whistle enlivens wheat field or meadow.—*Chicago Journal.*

KING JAMES'S IRISH ARMY LIST.

CAPTAIN HUGH MAC DERMOT.

The early annals of this once powerful family are fully detailed in the "Book of Lecan," avowedly from the more ancient Psalter of Cashel. The "Book of Kilronan," compiled by their chief "*Seanachies*," the O'Duigenans, has, as might be expected, most interesting particulars of their lineage. He, who in remote time may by pointed out as prepositus of this sept, was Maolruana, King of Moylurg at the time of the battle of Clontarf in 1014; he, however, having been, as the annalists relate, too old to be present at that great engagement, one of his sons led his sept, the Clan-Maolruana, on that memorable day. His lineal descendant in the seventh generation was Dermott, who died in 1159, "Supreme Councillor, Sage, and excellent Mediator of one-fifth of Connaught." In him the surname originated, while their territory was called Moylurg. Conor, the son of this Dermott, Tanist of Moylurg in the twelfth century, after enjoying the sovereignty of this little principality for ten years, took upon him the Cistercian habit, and became a monk in the Abbey of Boyle, within whose still noble and picturesque walls he was interred in 1198; whereupon the government hereof devolved upon Tumultagh (Timothy) Mac Dermot, his son, who erected in 1204 the original castle on an Island of Lough Ke, within the beautiful demense of Viscount Lorton. Thomas, (the son of Ferral Mac Dermot, theretofore Abbot of Boyle,) was in 1262 promoted to the Bishopric of Elphin. In this interval branched off the founders of the Mac Dermots-na-Gall and the McDermotts Ruah (Roe). Early in the fourteenth century Dermot McDermot of Moylurg was one of the Irish Magnates who, from a hatred of the English government, invited the invasion of Edward, the brother of King Robert Bruce. On his arrival in Ulster, Dermot was one of the first who joined his standard, and fell, his unsuccessful ally, at the battle of Athenry, with many other McDermots, his adherents. From Conor Mac Dermot of this period sprung the McDermots "of the Rock." To the parliament convened by Sir John Perrot in 1585, Teigue the son of Hugh "Oge," being tanist of Moylurg and very old, sent his relative "of the Rock," viz., Bryan, son of Rory, son of Teigue, son of Rory Oge, who was the great grandson of Connor, the founder of that line, to represent the sept at this first national assembly. Teigue's line afterwards became extinct, and the captainship passed to the family "of the Rock."

In 1602, when the Lord Deputy Mountjoy passed the Christmas at Galway, the McDermot (styled "of the Curlews") made his submission to him. Bryan McDermot was then the Chief; in 1603, however, his estates were held to be confiscated, and seven leading members of the sept were obliged to sue out their pardons. In 1604, King James granted to Sir Theobald Dillon, Knight, (afterwards created Viscount Dillon,) the wardship of Bryan Oge McDermot, son and heir of the aforesaid Bryan "of the Rock," for the consideration of a fine of £4, and an annual rent of £3 6s. 8d., the patentee retaining thereout certain allowances for the maintenance and education of the minor. This Bryan attained age in 1618, when he had from the crown a grant which would seem magnificent and extensive (covering as it does sixteen skins of parchment, the first richly illuminated) yet comprising but a portion of the former princely inheritance of the sept. He died chief in 1636, and was buried in a church founded by one of his ancestors, within the holy ambit of Clonmacnoise. His second son, Charles, on the death of an elder brother Terence without issue, became seized of Moylurg—its last chief. He had married Eleanor, daughter "of the great O'Mulloy of Croghan," in the county of Roscommon.

Hugh Mc Dermott, the captain in this notice, was the eldest son of said Charles and Eleanor; he was taken prisoner at Aughrim, but, on the interference and by the interest of Sir Robert King, the ancestor of Viscount Lorton (then residing at Rockingham, part of the ancient property of the McDermots), he was released, avowedly by reason of the humanity and kindness evinced by him towards the Protestant clergy and laity. He intermarried with Eliza, daughter of O'Kelly of Aughrim, and by her had issue Charles and Terence. In January, 1688, Ballymote was garrisoned by the latter, who represented the Borough of Boyle in King James's Parliament of Dublin, and was consequently attainted in King William's; whereupon all his interest in the family estates (the greater portion of which had been conveyed in 1669 to him by his father) was confiscated; and his brother Charles succeeded only to Coolavin on the death of their father, Captain Hugh, in 1707. Before that event, in September, 1690, this, Charles was, in virtue of King James's commission directed and empowered to receive for his majesty the Castle of Carrick Mac Dermott, *i. e.* the Castle of the Rock, in Lough Ke, and the Castle or Strong House of the Canbo, and all other the Castles and Strong Houses upon the said Charles's estate and ancient inheritance. He died in 1758, at the advanced age of 98, leaving issue by his lady, Catherine Dillon of the House of Clonbrock, Myles his eldest son, who married a daughter of Charles O'Conor, the elder historian, and died at Coolavin in 1793, leaving issue Hugh and other children. Hugh married his cousin Elizabeth, daughter of Denis O'Conor of Ballinagar, (ancestor of the O'Conors Don,) and by her had Charles and several other children. Charles intermarried with Arabella O'Rourke of the ancient sept of Breffny, by whom he has a numerous issue, and he now ranks as the lineal representative of the elder line of the Mac Dermots. Besides the above Captain Hugh, there are in commission, in different regiments of this Army List, nine other McDermots or McDermotts. In the parliament of 1689, Terence McDermott, who was an Alderman of Dublin, and a captain in Sir Michael Creagh's Infantry, represented, with his colonel, that city. Terence of Coolavin, with Captain John King, represented the borough of Boyle; while Robert Dermott was one of the members for Dundalk, and Bryan Dermod for Carlingford. The attainders of 1691 exhibit the names of thirteen of the sept.

MAJOR DERMOTT MAC AULIFFE.

The Mac Auliffes were located in the Barony of Duhallow, County of Cork, where their territory extended from the river Alla to the borders of Limerick; their chief seat being Castle Mac Auliffe, near Newmarket. The Four Masters record a great victory obtained by the Mac Auliffe in 1535, over a branch of the Fitz-Geralds. In 1612, the castle, with the "towns and lands of Castle Mac Auliffe and Carrig Cashel, all called by the name of Clan Auliffe, and parcel of the estate of Melaghlin Mac Dermot Mac Auliffe, late of Castle-Mac Auliffe, attainted," were granted by King James to Sir Thomas Roper. The attainders of 1642 include three Mac Auliffes. Besides this officer and Daniel Mac Auliffe, a lieutenant herein, Teigue Mac Auliffe was a lieutenant in Colonel Roger Mc Elligott's Infantry Regiment. The attainders of 1696 contain the names of the above Dermott, with Denis Mac Auliffe of Lismacoonan, county of Cork. The last chief of the family died colonel of a regiment in Spain in 1720.

SCENERY AND TRADITIONS OF CONNAUGHT.

BY MR. O'KELLY, FERMOY.

No part of lovely Erin is richer in all that relates to the past than the romantic principality of the unfortunate O'Conor's Don, which British rapine left in destitution. Its thrilling traditions, heroic princes, historical bards, the relics of the priests and poets of ancient and better days, the chivalrous struggles of the O'Conors, O'Haras, O'Rourkes and O'Kellys, of Aughrim, the magnificent scenery—all combine to render it one of the most interesting portions of Queen Victoria's dominions; yet it is one of the least known and the least frequented by the lovers of the beautiful and marvellous. If the monumental and historic attractions of this enchanting principality were better known they would be better appreciated, and the last retreat of the Irish princes would not be passed by for remote, uninteresting, and barren localities. Our western province may be called the Elysian fields of romance and chivalry. Its antiquities embrace periods long anterior to the invasion of the Milesians, they are the landmarks of fierce and magnanimous struggles between the sanguinary oppressor and the oppressed—when cruel mercenaries were hired to massacre the unhappy natives. Here you behold the plundering footprints of the greedy Normans, Cromwellians, and Williamites. It should be borne in mind that Connaught was not conquered with ease or rapidity—its subjugation was the work of centuries of the most cruel persecution; and it was not till its last Prince—Roderick O'Conor, of Castlerea—was betrayed into the hands of his relentless enemies, the Cromwellians, by whom he was hanged at his own door, in 1649, and one Robert Sandford, a native of Oxfordshire, placed in his castle and demesne. The Sandfords are now extinct. In lieu of the royal residence that mountain manor, called Cloonales, was given by the ruthless Cromwell to his widow and orphans, who was daughter to Birmingham of Athenry, commonly called the Earl of Louth—a title bestowed for his victory over Bruce, in 1306. The Connaught bards sang the praises of their illustrious princes, preserved among the people the lineaments of humanity, and extorted the gratitude of an alien poetical posterity. Connaught also teems with wild and extraordinary legends, as you will find in the Book of Ballymote. Its architectural remains are magnificent. The ruins of the O'Conors, O'Haras, O'Rourkes, O'Kelly's, and M'Dermotts, are extant; whose shattered walls teem with historical reminiscences. All that remains of Breffney Castle is now in the possession of an absentee, known in England as the Lane Fox. The Milesians, who flourished in Ireland 584 years before Christ, were the ancestors of the Irish princes, who distributed more charity in one month than was ever known to be given at Windsor Castle, or the Duke of Buckingham's old mansion at Pimlico.

The castle of the O'Conor Den at Roscommon, its exterior grandeur and giant fortress, stretches far along the west end of the town, and commands a charming view of the river Shannon, and is one of the most fertile plains in Europe. This royal manor is now possessed by one Kepple, called the Earl of Essex—an absentee who is knowu only through his agent in Ireland.

The castle of the O'Conor Roe stands in the rich vale of Slieve Bone Mountains, known as Strokestown. This extensive manor was bestowed by Oliver Cromwell upon a Drum Major named Mahon, in 1649. The family are now extinct. The last heir, Major Mahon, was assassinated at his own gate, during the dire famine of 1846. The expulsion of tenantry was the cause of this disgraceful assassination. The unfortunate Major Mahon was maternally allied to the illustrious chieftains of Athlone and the princely house of Castlekelly. The province of Connaught is enriched by nature with a more than ordinary share of her richest gifts. The air is salubrious, minerals rich, and coal mines numerous; and it has the best salmon fisheries in long neglected and confiscated Ireland. The Shannon, the Moy, the Corrib, and the serpentine river Suck diffuses the blessings of luxuriance, verdure and fertility on this western Eden. The noble peasantry are peaceable, industrious, religious, full of national vivacity, strong attachment, hospitable, humane, benevolent. Throughout the country you behold the work of the impious ravager in the shattered ruins and disgraceful devastations of the ancient sanctuaries and magnificent monuments of hereditary greatness.

The romantic principality of the O'Mealews and Clan-Gibbons is now divided between the Brownes, Cuffes, and Binghams. The wild and truly sublime scenery of Mayo, the romantic Cong, the Lake Corrib, the beautiful Adelphia, Old Head, Westport, Newport, Lough Mask, Moore Hall, Ballina, watered by the copious Moy, and the lofty peaks of Mount Alt, embrace all that is sublime and beautiful in the old land.—*Dublin Telegraph.*

WARNING TO SCOFFERS AT RELIGION.—A correspondent of the *Ulsterman* relates the following circumstance which may operate to check indulgence in Orange as well as fanatical blasphemy. The event occurred at a short distance from Lurgan, in a district which may be termed the hotbed of Orangeism, where the inhabitants seemed to think that they have discharged all the duties of good Christians and loyal subjects when they beat the "big drum," curse the Pope, and mock the mysteries of the Catholic religiou: "On the 23d instant, a man named Wright had been drinking with some comrades, and on their way home they were cursing the Pope and the Catholic religion, and calling out for the face of a Papist. Wright was the most outrageous of the party, and he uttered his imprecations with such demoniac malignity that some of his comrades were shocked, and rebuked him for his horrid impiety. He had reached within a short distance of his own house, when he loudly roared out "To hell with Pope and Popery," and jumping up with a fierce gesture of defiance, he fell on the road. His companions lifted him up, and were horror struck to discover that he was struck deaf, dumb, and blind, and as they stood around him in speechless wonder, he breathed his last. His awfully sudden death made a strong impression on many of his acquaintances."

DUBLIN CASTLE.—Dublin Castle has been long—to use the expressive words of Tacitus—the pandemonium where the secret cabals against our nationality were matured—the arsenal where the weapons against our rights and liberties were hoarded. It was at once a prison and a fortress. Within its gloomy dungeon the victims of English tyranny pined away their wretched lives and breathed their last sighs. Within its council-chambers were hatched the Machiavellian plots, by which chieftains for titles and empty honors were to be won from their country's allegiance, and miscreants of a lower grade—like Reynolds—bribed to betray his confederates. Such are the associations of Dublin Castle, where a mock royal dispensation of blue ribands, levees, and balls, were the attractive baubels that lured our gentry from the duties of privacy, and from the performance of the duties they owed their country. In short Ireland pronounces against the "institution," and England does not need it.—*Galway Vindicator.*

THE UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.—The Patent Office at Washington occupies a whole square, three sides of which are formed by the main building and the two wings, the fourth side being open. At present one of the wings is not entirely completed, and part of the rest is used for the office of the Secretary of the Interior, and for a very interesting museum which has no sort of relation to patents. This museum will soon be removed to the Smithsonian, and the room used by the other offices will, at no distant time, be needed for the increasing number of models. Every application for a patent has to be accompanied by a working model less than a cubic foot in size, and in every case the model remaining at the office, so that there are two classes of models—those of patented and those of rejected inventions. For those of the first class, a fine room, two stories high, running the whole length of the eastern wing, has been appropriated. The models are placed in large show cases in such a manner as to be easily seen; those referring to the same object are side by side, and there are constantly in the room several officers ready to open the cases to persons desirous of closer examination. Great care is taken that no model be injured by unskilful handling, while, at the same time, every reasonable facility for research is courteously afforded. The arrangements of this room or museum are in all things unexceptionable, and it is by far the first of its kind in the world, and of all museums it certainly is the most interesting, and of the greatest benefit to the human race.

A CALIFORNIA PEA VINE.—Mr. S. S. Tilton, Supervisor of the Twelfth District, brought into our publication office, a young pea vine, which is truly Californian in its dimensions. The vine, which resembles a mustard stalk, near a half an inch thick, has numerous branches, and forms a sort of bush. From the root to the farthest leaves is about a yard. It is covered with leaves blossom, and pods. On counting the latter, there were found to be 120 of them, of which half were very large, containing from six to seven large peas. The other pods were perfectly healthy, but younger. The whole plant was found to weigh three pounds!—*Cal. paper.*

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER V.

Epistolary Bores—Troublesome Visitors—Troublesome Orators—Place-hunters—Portrait-hunters—Autograph-hunters.

MR. FITZPATRICK, of Eccles street, one of the Liberator's most intimate friends, said to me one day, "The number of queer letters that O'Connell receives, boring him upon the most ridiculously trivial subjects, would try anybody's patience. A letter once arrived from New York, and as he was not aware that he had any correspondent in that city whose communication could be worth the postage, he deliberated whether he should not return the letter unopened. He did, however, open it, and found that it contained a minute description of Queen Anne's farthing recently found by the writer; with a modest request that 'Ireland's Liberator' might negotiate the sale of the said farthing in London; where, as many intelligent persons had assured him, he might make his fortune by it.

"Another modest correspondent," continued Fitzpatrick, "was one Peter Waldron, also of New York, whose epistle ran thus;—'Sir, I have discovered an old paper, by which I find that my grandfather, Peter Waldron, left Dublin about the year 1730. You will very much oblige me by instituting an immediate inquiry who the said Peter Waldron was; whether he possessed any property in Dublin or elsewhere, and to what amount, and in case that he did, you will confer a particular favor on me by taking immediate steps to recover it, and if successful, forwarding the amount to me at New York.'"

At another time a Protestant clergyman wrote to apprise him that he and his family were all in prayer for his conversion to the Protestant religon; and that the writer was anxious to engage in controversy with so distinguished an antagonist. A similar epistle was addressed to him by a Methodist named Lackington. An American lady wrote to beg he would assist her in getting up a raffle. Some relations of hers, she said, had written a book in praise of Ireland; and this consideration would doubtless induce Ireland's most distinguished son to devote to her wishes the very short time requisite to insure the success of her project.

He complained that the letters with which he was persecuted, soliciting patronage, were innumerable. "Every body writes to me about every thing," said he, "and the applicants for places, without a single exception, tell me that *one word* of mine will infallibly get them what they want. '*One word!*' Oh, how sick I am of that '*one word!*'"

He expressed his indignation at some correspondents who offered him *douceurs* for his patronage. He threatened to prosecute one of them, and desired his servant to kick another out of the house (the latter having promised to call for an answer.)

Some of his rural correspondents entertained odd ideas of his attributes. He said that from one of them he got a letter commencing with "Awful Sir!"

He sometimes announced in public, that he usually burned anonymous letters unread. "I just look," said he, "to see what signature the letter bears—and if I find none, I fling it into the fire."

He once told me, that out of the multitude of anonymous letters he had received for many years, there was only one that contained a suggestion of value. "That," he said, "was the contrast between the Irish and British elective franchises, and an excellent hint it was. I think I've worked it pretty well, too."

The bores of flesh and blood were worse than the paper bores. When engaged with some friend on important political business, he has often been interrupted by gossiping visitors, who seemed to consider his time their own property. The raptures of patriotic lady-admirers were extremely unwelcome. "How I hate to have those women pelting in upon me!" was his exclamation on the exit of a very talkative specimen of this class. Gentlemen *savans* were no better; one of them broke in upon him one day that his head was full of his next Repeal move, and indulged him with a learned dissertation upon an ancient Egyptian festival, and elaborate description of the entire ceremonial. It needs scarcely be said that the applicants for place who beset him in person were legion.

Amongst the odd requests addressed to him was that of a Catholic priest, who stated that as from family misfortunes he could not support himself and his two sisters, he hoped Mr. O'Connell would allow them to make Darrynane their home until more prosperous times. The Liberator's well known benevolence, the applicant added, induced him thus to seek the asylum of his roof. Mr. O'Connell said he had not the honor of his acquaintance—to which the applicant replied by reminding him they had been introduced to each other some months before on the deck of a steamer.

A species of annoyance to which O'Connell used to submit with sullen resignation, was the trashy eloquence of his less gifted confederates in the Agitation. At a certain southern banquet he was overwhelmed with the chairman's interminable harangues. He bitterly complained of the infliction the next day to a lady who told me the anecdote. "Mr. —— gave me quite too much of it," said he; "he apparently forgot that too much black pudding would choke a dog."

Of another loquacious chairman he said to me, "That poor B * * * has a sad fecility of making the most balderdashical speeches I ever heard."

Speaking of a member of the legislature far above those "small deer" in point of intellect, he said, "W—— would speak better if he did not speak so well: but he has a most unhappy superabundance of very excellent English, that quite runs away with him."

Some of the *habitues* of the Repeal Association who knew O'Connell's feelings on such matters, have whispered to me during the speech of a long-winded orator, "Watch Dan, now! observe how bored he is—there he sits with his hat pulled down over his eyes, patiently waiting until this gentleman finishes."

One day when he had been annoyed by a troublesome and loquacious person whom he endured for a long time with great suavity, I said, "You were infinitely more civil to Mr. —— than I could have been."

"My dear friend," replied he, "you will catch more flies with a spoonful of honey than with a hogshead of vinegar."

Of two other bores I have heard him complain; namely, that of sitting for his portrait, and giving his autograph. Of his autograph, however, he was generally liberal enough, until age had rendered the exertion of writing difficult. The very last time I saw him (January, 1847) he asked me if I wished for any of his autographs. I replied in the affirmative. "Very well," said he, laughing, "I'll desire my secretary to write as many as you want."

With respect to the portrait annoyance, he was less manageable; unless, indeed, it were to oblige some friend, who had strong claims upon his good offices. I am told that when Wilkie was engaged in taking his likeness, he found the utmost difficulty in getting him to sit, and that the carriage which the artist regularly sent for the distinguished original, frequently returned empty. And when Du Val the portrait-painter, waited on him in order to complete his likeness for a Manchester friend, O'Connell, who detested the idea of giving formal sittings, postponed Du Val from day to day, until the artist, in despair, at last spoke of returning to Manchester with his work unfinished. He was then told that if he came in the mornings while O'Connell was at breakfast, he might possibly collect some traits for the completion of his picture. He accordingly came, and carried off on scraps of paper the minutiæ of expression and feature, which he transferred as well as he could to the canvass. At length Mr. O'Connell gave him one or two good sittings at his studio, which enabled him to produce a successful likeness.

CHAPTER VI.

Dame M'Carthy and Louis the Fourteenth—Old Irish Castles and Graveyards—The Annals of the Four Masters—Repudiation of Holy Water—O'Connell's Illness in 1798—Arthur O'Connor—Who was the Greatest Irishman?—Interview with Owen, the Socialist.

SPEAKING of some imposing cavalcade that had escorted one of his political progresses, he said:

"Those things are all comparative. When a lady of the M'Carthy family was sitting in her hotel at Paris, working embroidery, she heard shouts of triumph in the streets for Louis the Fourteenth's grand entry after his successes in Flanders. But the lady stirred not from her task.

"'What!' said her companion, 'will you not come to the window to look at the king's triumphant entry?'

"'No,' replied the lady; I have seen M'Carthy More's triumphant entry into Blarney, and what can Paris furnish to excel that?'"

The mention of M'Carthy More led him to talk of ancient times, ancient chiefs, and of the Desmond Castles in Kerry. "What an undigested mass of buildings are the relics of the Earl of Desmond's court at Castle Island! And how much the difference between our habits and those of our forefathers is marked by the architecture of their dwellings and of ours. The old castles, or rather the old towers, of Ireland, were manifestly constructed for inhabitants who only stayed within when the severity of the weather would not allow them to go out. There seems to have been little or no provision in the greater number of them for internal comfort. And what a state of social insecurity they indicate! Small loop-holes for defence; low, small entrance doors for the same purpose; evidently, it was a more important object to keep out the enemy, than to ventilate the house."

Speaking of the elder days of Ireland, he said, "I never can pass the old burial-grounds of Kilpeacon and Killogroin, among the hills,* without thinking how strange it is that they should be totally deserted by the present generation. Nobody ever is buried in either of them now, and they have been disused so long ago, that not even a tradition exists among the peasantry of the time when, or the cause wherefore, interments were discontinued in them."

He spoke with contempt of the "Annals of the Four Masters." "They are little more than a bare record of faction or clan fights. 'On such a day the chief of such a place burned the castle of the chief of so-and-so;' there is a tiresome sameness of this sort of uninteresting narrative."

The "Annals" are, indeed, a bald record of recollections of Darrynane. I cannot tell what facts. But the same objection would equally apply to the early history of every country.

* I believe between Cahirciveen and Darrymore.

O'Connell constantly reverted to his juvenile led to the following anecdote, nor, indeed, to half the anecdotes he incessantly "welled forth" in exhaustless profusion.

"There were," said he, "two Protestant gentlemen on a visit with my uncle during one of my sojourns at Darrynane. On Sunday, as there was no Protestant place of worship near, they were reduced to the alternative of going to Mass, or doing without public worship. They chose to go to Mass; and on entering the chapel they fastidiously kept clear of the holy water which the clerk was sprinkling copiously on all sides. The clerk observed this, and feeling his own dignity and that of the holy water compromised by their Protestant squeamishness, he quietly watched them after service, and planting himself behind the sanctuary-door through which they had to pass, he suddenly slashed the entire contents of his full-charged brush into their faces! I thought I should have been choked with laughing. You can't conceive anything more ludicrous than the discomfited look the fellows had!" And his fancy was so tickled with the recollection, that he chuckled heartily over it.

He spoke of his illness—a severe typhus fever—which had nearly proved fatal to him at Darrynane in 1798.

"It was occasioned," said he, "by sleeping in wet clothes. I had dried them upon me at a peasant's fire, and drank three glasses of whiskey, after which I fell asleep. The next day I hunted, was soon weary, and fell asleep in a ditch under sunshine. I became much worse; I spent a fortnight in great discomfort, wandering about and unable to eat. At last when I could no longer battle it out, I gave up and went to bed. Old Doctor Moriarty was sent for. He pronounced me in a high fever. I was in such pain that I wished to die. In my ravings I fancied that I was in the middle of a wood, and that the branches were on fire around me. I felt my back-bone stiffening for death, and I positively declare that I think what saved me was the effort I made to rise up, and show my father, who was at my bedside, that I knew him. I verily believe that effort of nature averted death. During my illness I used to quote from the tragedy of Douglas these lines:

'Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of me;
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have proved;
And think life only wanting to my fame.'

I used to quote those lines under the full belief that my illness would end fatally. Indeed, long before that period—when I was seven years old—yes, indeed, as long as ever I can recollect, I always felt a presentiment that I should write my name on the pages of history. I hated Saxon dominion. I detested the tyrants of Ireland. During the latter part of my illness, Doctor Moriarty told me that Buonaparte had got his whole army to Alexandria, across the desert. 'That is impossible,' said I, 'he cannot have done so; they would have starved.' 'Oh, no,' replied the doctor, 'they had a quantity of portable soup with them, sufficient to feed the whole army for four days. 'Ay,' rejoined I; 'but had they portable water? For their portable soup would have been but of little use if they had not water to dissolve it in.' My father looked at the attendant with an air of hope. Doctor Moriarty said to my mother, 'His intellect, at any rate, is untouched.' I remember the doctor's mentioning the rumor of an engagement between the insurgents and the royalists at Ballinamuck, but the result had not then transpired."

I asked O'Connell whether he admired and sympathized with Arthur O'Connor?

"More no than yes," was his answer. "I had, indeed, admired him until Curran disclosed to me that he had a plan for an agrarian law, dividing the land in equal portions among all the inhabitants. *That* I saw at once involved consequences so anti-social, that it greatly cooled my admiration of him."

Except from O'Connell I never heard of Arthur O'Connor's plan for the division of land. But if he meant only such a plan as the small allotment system, which Feargus O'Connor is at present working in England, his scheme cannot have involved anti-social results. The small allotments have been for many years a favorite project of Feargus O'Connor's. Perhaps he derived the idea from his uncle. He detailed it to me at Kilcascan so long ago as 1830: and it seems calculated to promote the comfort of the humble classes, without encroaching upon the interests or rights of the landed aristocracy.

O'Connell continued: "I travelled with Curran in the Cork mail. We were eight and forty hours coming to Dublin in those days. We had six insides and unlimited outsides. The passengers got out and walked two or three miles on the rising ground" (I think he said Clasheen) "on this side of Clonmel; and it was on that walk that Curran mentioned to me Arthur O'Connor's agrarian scheme."

In the course of the conversation I asked him who, in his opinion, was our greatest man?

"*Next to myself*," he answered, "I think old Harry Grattan was. But he was decidedly wrong in his controversy with Flood about the simple repeal."

O'Connell described a curious interview that had taken place between him and Owen, the Socialist. "The fellow called upon me," said he, "and told me he had come for my co-operation in a work of universal benevolence. I replied that I should always be happy to aid such a work. 'I expected no less from your character, Mr. O'Connell,' said Owen. 'Would not you wish—I am sure you would—to elevate the condition of the whole human race?' 'Certainly, Mr. Owen,' replied I. 'Would not you wish to see a good hat on every body?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'And good shoes?' 'Oh, certainly.' 'And good trowsers?' 'Unquestionably.' 'And would not you desire to see the whole family of man housed and fed?' 'Doubtless. But Mr. Owen, as my time is much taken up, may I beg that you will proceed at once to point out how all these desirable objects are, in your opinion, to be worked out?' 'In the first place, Mr. O'Connell,' said Owen, 'we must educate anew the population of these kingdoms, and entirely remove the crust of superstitious error from their minds. In fact, the whole thing, called *Revealed Religion*, must be got rid of.' I thought my worthy visitor was going a little too far. I rose and bowed him out. 'I wish you a very good morning, Mr. Owen,' said I, 'it would be useless to prolong our interview. I see at once that you and I cannot co-operate in any work or under any circumstances.'"

(To be continued.)

MOUNTAIN ROADS INTO PERSIA.

Persia occupies the centre of a high table-land of Iran, of which the Eastern division contains Affghanistan, while the western belongs to the Turks. The northern edge of this high land stretches along the southern shores of the Caspian Sea and the plains of Bacharia, and contains the Bactrian, Parthian, Hyrcanian, and Caspian mountain passes—a region for centuries inhabited by warlike mountain tribes. Along this line we find the towns of Cabool, Candahar, Herat, Mushed, Nishapoor, Teheran, Rai, Casbin, and Tabriz. The southern border is separated from the coast and the plains watered by the Tigris and Euphrates by a broad mountain tract, which begins at the mouth of the Indus, and extends to the place where the rivers of Mesopotamia enter the low plains. It consists of from three to seven ridges, composed of limestone, and rising one above another from the coast, and forming a natural entrenchment, through which there are but few passes, three of which are remarkable.

These are, the Eastern, Middle, and Western mountain roads. The first begins at Gamberoon, near the entrance of the Gulf of Persia. It leads northward to Kerman, situated on the cool table-land, abounding in springs, covered with fruit-trees, and surrounded by sandy plains. The middle road begins at Bushire, leads to Kazeroon, and thence to Shiraz, thence to the valley in which lie the ruins of Persepolis, and thence to the table-land whereon rises Ispahan. The western, which lies to the north-west of the former, begins near Bagdad, passes through the Mediæ Pylæ of the mountain range called Zagros, runs by Kermanshaw, Besittoon, and the remains of the temple of Kungavur, and terminates at Hamadan. Along this range of mountain ridges, as along the northern, lie towns, or the remains of towns, once, or still of importance. Kazrun, on the first mountain terrace, is 2,772 feet above the level of the sea; Shiraz, on the second terrace, is 4,284 feet above the sea; the third mountain ridge above Persepolis, 6,666 feet. Ispahan, lying in the plain which forms the third terrace, is 4,140 feet. The mountain passes near Kohrood, 2,000; those towards Koom, 2,046; Teheran, 3,786. The mountain pass beyond Kishlac, 4,572; and the entrance of the Hyrcanian pass at Sharood, 3,414.

It is evident, from the most cursory glance at the physical geography of Persia, that the difficulties in the way of permanent occupation are very great, and begin at those points at which Nature has placed not only her strongest fortresses, but her hardiest races.—*London Spectator.*

ORIGIN OF THE FRENCH TRICOLOR.—At the commencement of the eighteenth century, nearly one hundred years before the Revolution, the French soldiers bore for a time the three colors; this was the period of the tripple alliance between the Kings of France and Spain and the Elector of Bavaria. When the three armies were being combined, they agreed to give the soldiers a cockade, in which, as an emblem of the union of the three people, they reproduced the color of each. Thus the white of France, the red of Spain, found itself blended with the blue, the national color of Bavaria. In 1789, green, popularized by Camille Desmoulins at the Palaise Royal, was about to become the national emblem; but, on recollecting that it was the color or the livery of the Count D'Artois, the most unpopular of the princes, they sought another cockade. It was then that they endeavored to appropriate the colors of the city of Paris—the red and blue, already celebrated in more than one popular *emeute*, though both were borrowed from the heraldry of the ancient kings, and were the same that Etienne Marcel had hoisted in 1458.

TRENTON FALLS.—Trenton Falls compensate in the highest degree for the trouble of visiting them. The wild beauty of the banks and of the foamy current of the black river just by, count among the most impressive scenery. The shores of the Mohawk are rich in many salient and picturesque views, forming on the whole, with their cultivated and untouched valleys and towns, a long and variegated landscape. Where in Europe, by rivers or on hills, the picturesque or elevated points are occupied by castles still standing, or by still frowning ruins of towers, strongholds and burgs, here stands a mill, a factory, or a palatial benevolent establishment pointedly marking the opposite and irreconcilable directions of the two civilizations. If the New World should likewise be eaten up by time, and tumble into ruins, these ruins will at any rate recall to future generations nobler remembrances than bloodshed, violence, oppression tears and curses.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The Ulster Club, for the accommodation of whose members the splendid premises of the Donegal Arms Hotel have been taken, at a rent of £300 per annum, will be open in July. Upwards of one hundred and seventy members have already entered; and all persons desirous of joining the club will be balloted for in the usual manner. The establishment will be, in every respect, conducted after the model of the first class London clubs. The subscription has been fixed at fifteen guineas entrance, and five guineas per annum. Between three and four hundred members are expected to join; so the projectors have an ample basis for their operations. The management will be in the hands of the committee and officers appointed by the members; and if the Ulster Club be conducted on the perfectly non-political and non-exclusive principle on which it has been founded, it is certain of success.—*Banner of Ulster.*

A case of melancholy death by poison occurred in the town of Antrim, when a remarkably fine child, nearly three years old, son of Dr. Spearing, lost his life. The child had gone into his mother's dressing-room, on the table of which were two small phials —one containing creosote, and the other morphine and ether, which had been prepared as a remedy for toothache, and swallowed the contents of both. The child ran down stairs to his mother, in great agony, crying that "his mouth was burned," and the distracted mother discovered, too late, the unfortunate cause of her child's suffering. Notwithstanding every means and exertion that were resorted to, the poor child sank and died in about five hours after he had taken the poison.

The *Ballymena Observer* says that John and Thomas Daley have been brought before the bench at Ballymena, for further examination, in reference to the imminent death of the boy Coskey, who was shot at Portglenone. William Wallace, a weaver, swore positively that John Daley fired the gun. The bench agreed that Thomas Daley should stand out on the recognizances already perfected; and that John Daley should give additional security, himself in £500, and two new sureties in £50 each, to appear for trial at the ensuing assizes.

A young girl employed in a flax mill in Belfast was brought to the General Hospital, laboring under the effects of a very distressing accident, which occurred to her while working at one of the shuttles, and by which she lost the use of one of her eyes. She received every attendance at the hands of the resident physician.—*Northern Whig.*

Information was given by the constabulary to Mr. Jackson, the coroner, that a sailor, who lately came to Belfast port in a Dutch vessel, had met with his death through unfair means, in a house of ill-fame in Caxton street. The coroner proceeded to the place, but on inquiry it was ascertained that the man died from excessive drinking, and that for a fortnight he had not partaken of food. No inquest, consequently, was held.—*Ibid.*

The amount of duty paid at the Belfast Custom House for the week ending June 13, was £5,915 1s. 2d., against £6,904 7s. 1d. the previous week, and £7,590 4s. 4d. the corresponding period of last year.

Mr. Thomas Lyle, formerly accountant at Antrim, has been promoted cashier to the company's branch at Londonderry.

Armagh.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed John Obins Woodhouse, Esq., of Portadown, a magistrate of the county of Armagh.

Cork.

According to the notice required by the act of parliament, a public meeting was held in the Town Hall of Midleton, for the purpose of considering the propriety of adopting certain clauses of Towns Impovement Act. The attendance of those, the amount of whose taxation made them feel peculiarly interested in the question, was considerable, and amongst those present were: T. S. Copinger, J. P., in the chair; Dr. Barry, J. P.; T. Allin, J. P.; S. Allin, J. P.; S. W. Scott, agent to Lord Midleton; G. C. Burke, E. Copinger, J. Donovan, solicitor; J. Mullany, M. M'Carthy, J. Cotter, M. Delany, S. Tattan, K. Jones, J. Keane, J. Ryan, R. Callaghan, J. Moore, solicitor; N. Murphy, J. Humphries, &c., &c. Mr. J. Carden begged to propose the following resolution: "Resolved, That the Towns Improvement Act (Ireland), 1854, with the exception of the provisions for the lighting and supplying with water, be adopted by the rate-payers of the town of Midleton." Mr. E. S. Copinger seconded the resolution. The Chairman—Any gentleman who wishes to dissent from it will be kind enough to come forward and state his objections, if there be any. Mr. Burke—How is the amount necessary to flag the town of Midleton to be obtained, for that will be an enormous expense. I made a calculation myself, and it will come to nearly £1,000 at 2s. 10d. the square yard. Mr. Scott—We must come before the county and ask them to give us a presentment, which perhaps they won't give. We then have the power of borrowing money out of the rates. Ten per cent. must be paid on the money borrowed, five per cent. of which will go to the lender, and five per cent. more will be invested in stock until the principal is paid off, but even with that it cannot exceed one shilling. The resolution was then put from the chair, and unanimously adopted.

As a young man who was riding a valuable horse was turning from Drinan street into Sullivan's quay a mischievous idler who was standing in the street struck the horse, which plunged, fell on his side, and threw the rider, who had a narrow escape of his life. On raising he laid hold on the offender, on whom he would in all probability have inflicted severe and deserved chastisement were it not for the intercession of some of the by-standers.—*Constitution.*

Dublin.

A meeting was held at the Music Hall, for the purpose of considering "the bearings of the gas question upon the local taxation of the city, and to adopt such measures as may be deemed expedient for the protection of the public interests." The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor presided. Mr. George Flintoff entered into a long statement relative to the manufacture and price of gas, contending that the price of 5s. 10d. per thousand cubic feet charged by the existing gas companies, was exorbitant, as in London, Sheffield, and other large towns in England, gas of a better quality was sold at rates varying from 3s. 6d. to 4s. There was nothing to prevent a Dublin company from manufacturing and selling gas at equally low prices. A long discussion ensued, in which Mr. H. Todd, Mr. G. M'Birney, Mr. Cantwell, Dr. Grey, and others, took part, and it was agreed that a committee should be appointed to investigate and report upon the subject, the secretaries of the two existing gas companies agreeing to meet the committee and discuss the question with them. Some difference of opinion, however, arose with respect to the constitution of the committee, and the result was that the meeting was adjourned for one week.

Lord Carlisle was present at the half-yearly examination of teachers in training at the National Schools, in Marlborough-street, and, at the close of the proceedings, addressed the assembled teachers in a brief speech, in the course of which he offered this suggestion: "I think you will yourselves have been able to ascertain, during your sojourn here, how much good and worth there may be among the members of the different persuasions; and you will have derived no better lesson here than if in your future lives you inculcate those results of your own happy experience upon those who will be placed under your charge. Inculcate upon them the love of learning, for that is your special mission as schoolmasters; inculcate upon them the love of God, for that is your foremost duty as Christian men; and, as a branch, a main branch, of that love and the measure of your own experience here, inculcate upon them the love of one another, and may the blessing of the Almighty be always with you!"

The estates of John Sadlier, situated in the counties of Waterford, Tipperary, and Limerick, are advertised for sale in Henrietta st., on Tuesday, the 7th of July. The petitioner for the sale is the official manager for winding up the affairs of the Tipperary Bank. The property is offered in three lots, the gross nett rental of which is estimated at £1,282 per annum. In the present flourishing state of the Irish market—twenty-two years' rate of purchase being the average for well-circumstanced estates—a handsome sum will be realized.

Mr. W. H. Russell, the historian of the late war, made his *debut* as a lecturer in his native city. The Theatre Royal was the scene of his new triumph, and one of the most brilliant audiences ever congregated in that building was, perhaps, the most marked compliment that could be paid to the gentleman who has added another bright name to the list of Irishmen who have won lasting renown in the field of literature.

The Rev. Francis Baker, Protestant clergyman of Ballbriggan, contradicts a statement which appeared soon after the late election for the county, to the effect that he hoisted an Orange flag from his castle in honor of the victory gained by the Conservative candidates. The mistake may have arisen from the fact of a red and white flag flying at the time, which Mr. Baker has hoisted every day for the last twelve years.

The recognizance for the prosecution of the Dublin election petition is declared unobjectionable, and all the technical and frivolous objections, raised on the part of the sitting members, were at once rejected. As the case must now go to the committee, affording the opportunity to establish the independence of Dublin, we trust that the remainder of the sum necessary to defray the cost will be at once subscribed.—*Evening Post.*

The movement in the direction of an enlarged system of education for the middle classes now under the consideration of the two great English Universities has been very favorably received in Dublin, and there seems to be but one opinion as to the vast benefit which may be anticipated from the proposed plan should it be carried into effect.

Numerous petitions praying for the extension to Catholics of the relief proposed to be given by the parliamentary oaths bill, was signed at the various Catholic churches in Dublin. The signatures to these petitions amounted to upwards of 50,000.

Mr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty having been duly examined on two separate days, was admitted a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

A portion of the 77th Regiment, consisting of 225 men and 14 officers, embarked on board the transport ship Palmerston, at Kingstown, for Sydney, Southern Australia.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Henry O'Hara, Esq., to be Revising Register of the City of Dublin.

Galway.

As a man named Burke was returning from the market of this town, he was violently assaulted by James Ryan, from near the Mill, county Mayo, with whom he had previously quarrelled, and received a blow of a stone which fractured his skull. He was taken up insensible and carried to the workhouse hospital, where he lies in a most precarious state. The fellow who attempted the man's life was arrested by James M'Donogh, clerk of Milltown Petty Sessions Court, brought into town and handed over to the police. He remains in custody till the injured man's life is pronounced out of danger.—*Tuam Herald.*

A man named James Moran, one of the witnesses on the Mayo petition, was assaulted a few evenings since near Ballinrobe, and the Speaker's warrant forced from him. The parties are sent for trial to the assizes.—*Ibid.*

His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam received on Friday the summons or subpœna to attend in London to be examined before the committee. James French, Esq., of this town, who acted as one of the deputy sheriffs at Ballinrobe, during the late election, has also been summoned over to give evidence. A great number have been summoned from Mayo. The Lord Bishops of Killala and Achonry are, it is reported, to leave early.

A splendid race is anticipated at Kiltulla during the first week in August. We understand that all the necessary arrangements will be completed at the Curragh. From all that we can learn, the races promise to come off with great *eclat.*—*Vindicator.*

Shots were recently fired into the houses of two persons, who are in the employment of Mr. Allan Pollok, in county Galway. No cause can be assigned for the outrage.

Kerry.

The steamship Cyclops, one of the vessels employed in carrying out submarine telegraphic communication with America, is at present at Valentia taking soundings along the shore portion of the line, preparatory to laying down the cable. The Magnetic Telegraph Company intend laying down a set of wires from Valentia to Killarney, from whence additional wires will be extended along the present route to London, in order to facilitate the transmission of intelligence between the two continents. A set of distinct wires will be laid down from Valentia *via* Killarney to Donaghadee, following the route of the present wires, across the Channel to Portpatrick, and thence to London.

Kilkenny.

Viscount Carlingford, of Swift's Heath, Kilkenny, has patented an aerial machine, with which he anticipates obtaining great results. The aerial chariot in form is something in the shape of a boat, extremely light, with one wheel in front and two behind, having two wings slightly concave fixed to its side. It is also provided with a tail that can be raised or lowered at pleasure, and which serves for giving an elevated or declining position, and worked by a chord.—*Mechanics Magazine.*

Limerick.

A Tenant Right meeting and Banquet took place in Rathkeale, on Thursday, the 11th June, which reflected imperishable honor not alone on the spirited and respectable men of that town, and the committee by whom the arrangements were made, but upon the districts around by which co-operation was given; on Newcastle West, that sent its numerous and patriotic representatives; on Croom, that commissioned its respected clergymen and true hearted laymen; on Abbeyfeale, that contributed its popular residents; on Ballingarry, that sent its tenant farmers and people; on Clare, nobly represented by its Catholic priests; on Kerry, for which a representative of the priesthood and Catholic laymen of position answered; on the county at large, on the priesthood in general—the people universally, and the inherent honor, honesty, patriotism, and common sense of Irishmen, when they do meet to speak out. —*Nation.*

Two pickpockets, named Aily and Tracy, from Pennywell, had an altercation about a division of the profits realized at the fair of Ballyhide, when the former drew a razor and inflicted several cuts, though not of a serious character, on the head, face, and arm of Tracy. Both were shortly after arrested, and lodged in the George's quay Police Barrack.—*Observer.*

We are happy to be enabled to state that the government loan of £40,000 to the Limerick and Ennis Railway Company is now granted. We congratulate the shareholders on the certainty of the line being speedily opened for traffic.—*Ibid.*

Hogan's statue of the Liberator has arrived at the terminus. It was exposed to view in on open wagon in which it was laid, and looked even in its recumbent position to be a very admirable likeness.—*Munster News.*

Louth.

We feel much pleasure in recording another instance of the liberality and generosity of our respected mayor. He has contributed the sum of £50 for the foundation of the institute of the Christian Brothers. His worship has ever been foremost amongst the subscribers to our charities. He has been always zealous in promoting every project tending to improve our town, and is justly entitled to that universal esteem in which he is held by his fellow citizens.—*Drogheda Argus.*

Mr. M'Cann presented a petition in the House of Commons in favor of the tenant-right bill from the Poor Law Guardians of the Drogheda Union.

Monaghan.

A curious advertisement, bearing upon the question of tenant right in Ulster, appears in one of the northern papers. The Rev. Alexander Ross Goudy, a Presbyterian Minister, who has recently become a considerable landowner by purchases in the Encumbered Estates Court, announces for sale by public auction one of his farms in the county of Monaghan, consisting of 33 statute acres, subject to a yearly rent of £1 per acre, with a lease of 40 years, containing a clause in it to the effect that if the purchaser of the tenant right, or his legal representative, shall at any time during the existence of the said lease fine down the rent to 10s. per statute acre on the conditions proposed by subscriber to his other tenantry, that then subscriber, or his representatives, be compelled to execute a lease to the purchaser of the tenant right, or his legal representative, for 10s. per statute acre, for the residue of subscriber's term, exceeding 850 years. The conditions imposed on the purchasers are these: A deposit of one-third of the purchase-money will be required on the purchaser of the tenant right being declared, and the remainder of the purchase-money, except £100, to be paid on getting possession of the land, and the lease executed. £100 of the purchase-money of the tenant right will get leave to lie on the farm, on its own security, for five years, at 4 per cent. per annum.

Tipperary.

A riot took place at Upper Church between two parties named Quinlan and Callaghan, both of whom live in the neighborhood. They were on their way home from the fair of Borrisoleigh, when a quarrel arose about some matter of a trivial nature; blows followed, and ultimately a general riot occurred, in which Peter Quinlan was very severely beaten, and had his skull fractured by a blow from a stone. James Callaghan, the leader of the other party, was also badly injured in the *melee*, and received several cuts in the head. On information sworn at both sides, summonses have been issued against all the parties.—*Nenagh Guardian.*

Tyrone.

On Tuesday, the 9th June, as Oliver Whiteside, aged seventeen years, son of Mr. Wm. Whiteside, a most respectable farmer in Killcalpy, about two miles from Stewartstown, was on his way home from the turf bog, with a shovel on his shoulder, about three o'clock in the day, he was overtaken by a thunder storm, and was struck with the electric fluid, which deprived him of life on the spot.

Waterford.

It is with feelings of deep regret we announce the demise, in the prime of life, of Dominick E. Ronayne, Esq., which melancholy event occurred at his residence, in the vicinity of Waterford, after a protracted illness. Mr. Ronayne was a highly respectable solicitor, in good practice in this town for several years, and filled the office of first Town Clerk under the reformed Corporation, to which he was subsequently law agent.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

The Malakoff, for Milford, from this port, had on board 220 head of cattle; 178 pigs, 350 sheep, 300 bales bacon; 400 firkins butter, 80 cases of eggs, 15 boxes salmon and poultry; 100 sacks of flour. Some porter and other goods were left behind for want of room.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN ON IRISH POLITICS.

Mr. S. O'Brien having been invited to the banquet to Archdeacon Fitzgerald, forwarded the following reply to the Secretary:

"DUBLIN, May 12, 1857.

"DEAR SIR:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter of the 9th, by which you communicate a request that I should attend as a guest at the banquet which is about to be given to Archdeacon Fitzgerald at Rathkeale. You will believe me when I assure you that I feel much embarrassment in declining acceptance of this invitation. You know that it would give me pleasure to testify my respect for the ability and zeal with which our rev. friend advocates the cause of the tenantry and of the poor of Ireland, as well as to offer my personal acknowledgments to him for the kindly feeling which he has manifested towards myself. You know also how anxious I am at all times to comply with the wishes of my neighbors in the west of the county of Limerick, whose undeviating fidelity and attachment can never be forgotten by me. But governed by considerations that were founded upon my past experience of Irish agitation, I formed a resolution before I returned to Ireland that I would not join any political associations or attend any political meetings, and that I would limit my interference in Irish politics to the occasional expression of my own individual opinion. Acting upon this determination, which I have as yet found no reason to abrogate, I have declined attendance at several political meetings to which I have been invited. Now, if I were to depart from this rule in the case of the Rathkeale dinner, I should find it difficult to refuse similar invitations on future occasions. I have no desire, however, to conceal my opinions on the present state of public affairs, or to disavow my sympathy with the objects of your meeting. I have already, since my return from exile, taken occasion to declare that I am more than ever convinced that Ireland requires a national legislature and a national executive to give this country full advantage of the resources which it possesses. In the absence of such a domestic government, it seems to me that the national interests of Ireland can be best protected by sending to the British parliament a body of members who shall hold themselves entirely independent of all English parties, and avail themselves of every opportunity that may present itself, in the conflict of rival factions, to secure for Ireland the enactment of useful measures and the attainment of our national rights. Among the measures which are at present considered most urgent by the public opinion of this country is the bill for securing to tenants, in case of eviction, compensation for profitable improvements, which was prepared many years ago by Mr. Sharman Crawford; and I quite concur in the propriety of requiring that this measure shall be enacted without delay. It is to be regretted, indeed, that the number of members returned at the late election on the principle of 'Independent Opposition' was not as great as might have been expected; but we have, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that many of those members who had proved faithless to the pledges formerly made by them in favor of tenant right have been excluded from parliament; and also, that nearly all the candidates who have been returned for popular constituencies have promised their advocacy of the just claims of the tenantry of Ireland. If the declarations made by Irish gentlemen at the hustings be not wholly worthless, a large majority of the Irish members are bound by the sacred obligations of public and private honor to apply themselves with sincerity and earnestness to the accomplishment of this object. Two additional considerations might lead us to form a well-grounded hope that this question will be speedily adjusted if any reliance could be placed upon the disposition of the British parliament to legislate for Ireland upon wise and just principles. The first is, that several of the clauses of former bills, which were considered objectionable to landlords, have been withdrawn. The second is, that Lord Palmerston's government can no longer plead inability to give effect to a principle which, in profession at least, they affect to approve; for it is the boast of the supporters of the present government that the recent elections have greatly increased the parliamentary strength of the party by which Lord Palmerston's administration is upheld. For my own part I expect little good for Ireland from the legislation of a British parliament, but the earnest and persevering manifestation of Irish opinion may have some influence upon British statesmen, and in this point of view the demonstration which is about to be made at Rathkeale may be productive of advantage. In any case I beg to offer to the friends who will meet on that occasion, as well as to the rev. gentleman in whose honor the entertainment is to be given, the cordial expressions of my best wishes. I have the honor to be very faithfully yours, WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN."

ENGLAND.

STABBING IN CHURCH.—An extraordinary affair occurred at the village church of Knighton, near Leicester, when Mr. Peck, the schoolmaster of the national school, was stabbed by one of the Sunday scholars. Soon after service began, the master observed a boy about thirteen, named Thomas Rodwell, sitting on a seat, contrary to the rules of the school. He was ordered to take his proper place, but refused, and drew a knife from his pocket, which he opened. Mr. Peck took the boy by the collar to remove him to his proper place, when he resisted, and a scuffle ensued, in the course of which they both fell on the floor together. While they were down the scholar stabbed the master in the front of his right leg, and inflicted a wound at least half an inch deep. The knife closed partly on his own hand and cut it rather severely. Rodwell was brought before Mr. Paget, a country magistrate, when a medical certificate was given in, that the master, although not in any great danger, would be unable to appear for a fortnight. The boy was remanded.

SALE OF PROPERTY AT BRANKSEA CASTLE, DORSETSHIRE.—The whole of the effects of Colonel Waugh, of Branksea Island, are to be sold by auction. The sale will take place at Branksea Castle, the late magnificent residence of the colonel, and will last twelve days. Hundreds of people are now visiting the island of Branksea to view the splendid mansion and its contents. Colonel Waugh served in the Sikh war. He married a widow lady of rank and fortune, and sold his commission in a cavalry regiment for £7,000. With this he purchased Branksea Island, which was sold to him for £13,000, mortgaging the island for the remaining sum. Unfortunately for him and others he discovered a valuable clay on the island, which he was persuaded would yield him a great profit. The clay was considerable below the surface, and required steam power to work it. A large capital was necessary, which had to be borrowed, and which the colonel obtained through his connection with the Eastern Bank.

MEETING OF CATHOLICS.—An adjourned meeting of Catholic noblemen and gentlemen was held at the Stafford street Club, London, to consider the course to be adopted with reference to the Oaths Bill, on its third reading. A resolution, proposed by Mr. Charles Langdale, was carried after a long and animated debate, affirming that the bill was, practically, a re-enactment of an oath which was allowed, even by Protestants, to be insulting and offensive, and earnestly requested all the Catholic members of both Houses of the Legislature to oppose the bill at every stage. Among those present were Lord Camoys, the Earl of Fingall, Lord Stouton, Lovat, and Campden, Lord Edward Howard, M.P., Sir Robert Gerrard, Dr. Bowyer, M.P., and about twenty other Irish members. A petition to the same effect has been drawn up, and in the course of signature at the Stafford street Club.

DISCOVERY OF SKELETONS.—As a man named Benjamin Gilman was digging stones in a field at Olney, Buckinghamshire, for repairing the parish road, he discovered the remains of a human skeleton. The teeth in the jawbones were perfectly sound, but the other portions of the body could be scarcely recognised. The remains were discovered in a kind of trench, which might be traced several yards, cut through the solid rock and then refilled with earth and stones. In a stone-pit not far from this spot other human bones were lately found, and near them was a small broken jar of ancient pottery, discolored as if by fire. It is surmised that the remains are those of persons engaged in the civil wars, who died while on march or in the encampments, the existence of which, in this part of Buckinghamshire, is established by old records.

THE EXPECTED COMET.—A maid servant at Shields, Durham, got a holiday a few days ago, for the 13th of June, "that she may be drowned by the comet beside her mother!" A thoughtful inhabitant of Cleadon has made a large chest of oak, in which he intends to shut himself up, in order to be safe from the comet. A sly Liverpool tradesman, whose stores are "under the office where everybody goes to get his weights stamped," writes an essay in the advertising columns of the local papers, demonstrating the danger of the "Milky Way," from the comet, and advising the public to lay in a stock of his butter "before the source is dried up."—*Gateshead Observer.*

A BALLOON VOYAGE.—The balloon which left North Woolwich lately traversed a distance of about 230 miles, and descended at Tavistock. It did not ascend to any great height, and was distinctly seen between Exeter and Newton by the guard and passengers of the mail train which left Exeter at 3.50 A. M., by the driver of the goods train which leaves at 3.57, and by the railway porters of the Newton station. The three æronauts breakfasted at Tavistock.

FALLING DOWN A WELL.—A singular accident occurred to the wife of one of the constabulary recently appointed in the district of Elham, Kent. It appears that the woman had occasion to draw some water from a well on the premises, and by some means which she is unable to explain, she fell headforemost into the well, a depth of sixty feet. An alarm was immediately given, and on the neighbors assembling, the woman was attempting to be drawn up. In raising her the bucket got detached from the rope and fell with a crash to the bottom; the rope, however, by some means was twisted around her, and she was thus brought with safety to the top of the well. The only damage she sustained was a complete drenching.

FATAL RAILWAL ACCIDENT.—An engine-cleaner, named James Stack, aged seventy-one, in the employment of the London and North-Western Company, was killed near the Camden-town station. The deceased was cleaning the engines, when they were moved on, and before they could be thoroughly stopped the poor fellow was literally flattened between the buffers. Deceased was a steady, well-conducted man, and has left a wife and family to lament his loss.

A GIRL BURNED TO DEATH.—Ann Bennett, aged fifteen, died at the London Hospital from injuries by fire. The deceased was servant in a family at West Hackney, she sat up in bed trimming a bonnet, and, while so doing, went to sleep. The bed clothes, by some means or other, took fire from a candle which she had left burning by the bedside, and before the fire could be put out by the persons whom the screams of the deceased brought to her assistance, she had received fatal injuries.

An extraordinary illustration of rural superstition has occurred in Herefordshire. The son of a farm laborer, at a place called Toy, was drowned while bathing. Every natural effort failed to discover the body, when a new loaf from a baker's shop was obtained, in which a quantity of quicksilver was placed, and this was thrown into the River Wye to indicate the spot where the unfortunate boy's body lay. It was watched by an eager crowd upon the banks, who every moment expected to see it stop, but, alas! it floated away, and the body has not yet been found.

It is arranged that the trial of Thos. F. Bacon, who stands committed for the murder of his mother by poison, at Stamford, shall take place in London, under the act of Lord Campbell, which was passed with especial reference to the murderer William Palmer.

The report of the illness of Mr. Palmer, who has represented Berkshire in parliament for upwards of thirty years, has created much sensation in the county.

SCOTLAND.

THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.—Archbishop Beaton, the last link of the Scottish Hierarchy, fled to France in 1560, and died at Paris in 1563. After the interval of a century or more, Bishop Nicholson in 1694 came to Scotland where he found fifteen missionaries. A century later, the Catholics of both Highlands and Lowlands numbered less than 15,000. There were then only three Catholic families in Glasgow, where there are now 100,000 Catholics. In 1805, when Dr. Scott came, as priest, to Glasgow, there were in the whole Western District only eight priests: there are now sixty-two—nor were there then more than three chapels, whilst there are fifty-four at present. The three chapels were those of Glasgow, Fortwilliam, and Benbecule, one for each. Even when the Right Rev. Dr. Murdoch was ordained in 1821, there was only one other chapel, that of Greenock, added to these. This great increase has taken place, principally in Lanarkshire, whioh claims 21 churches and 31 priests. These churches are, for the most part, in the modern Gothic style, and have helped to improve the ecclesiastical architecture of the other bodies. Scotland has now 145 priests, and 120 churches and chapels, and before ten years more, this number will be doubled. Attached to most of them are commodious presbyteries and schools. Nunneries and orphanages have also been provided.—*Glasgow Free Press.*

THE NITHSDALE AND HERRIES PEERAGES.—A case has been lodged in the House of Lords, for Mr. Maxwell, of Curruchan, in support of his claim, as heir of the family of Maxwell, to the earldom of Nithsdale and the baronies of Maxwell and Herries. The case states in detail the creation and descent of the several titles, and also the documentary evidence to be adduced in support of his claim.

THE CROPS.—A Greenock paper reports very favorably of the crops in Scotland. "The wheat, oat, and potato crops are getting on wonderfully, and are most luxuriant, and that of hay is expected to be unusually large. The attacks of the worm on the oats have almost entirely ceased, and have not caused much damage."

THE CASE OF MISS MADELEINE SMITH.—Miss Smith has been indicted to take her trial at the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh. She is charged with attempt to murder on various occasions, and finally with the murder of M. L'Angelier, by means of poison. The trial will probably last several days, there being ninety witnesses for the Crown, and a large number for the defence. Miss Smith was brought out of her cell into the corridor, and there served with the indictment, which, without opening or reading, she handed to the clerk of her agents, who was in attendance. She was perfectly cool, firm, and unmoved. It is understood that the Lord President will preside at the trial. As one consequence of this unhappy case, Mr. Smith, the prisoner's father, is realizing his property, with the view of leaving the country with his family upon the termination of the trial.

THE COMET.—A learned clergyman, not ten miles from Glasgow, at a prayer meeting of his flock, took an affecting farewell of them—remarking, in a very pathetic manner, that in all probability that was the last occasion upon which they would meet in this world. It must no doubt have been an extremely felicitous privilege to the reverend but superstitious gentleman that he was permitted to ascend his pulpit and once more address his flock.

FALKIRK BANK EMBEZZLEMENTS.—Thomas Gentles, sometime accountant, and William Reid, sometime teller in the Commercial Bank at Falkirk, were apprehended and lodged in Stirling prison, charged with being in some way connected with the extensive embezzlements from the bank, with which the fate of Mr. Salmon, the late manager of the bank, who absconded and put an end to his existence lately at Conway, in Wales, is associated in the public mind.

VALUABLE GIFT.—The trustees of the late Mr. Ferguson, of Cairnbrock, have voted to the Glasgow Athenæum £200 from the fund placed at their disposal for the behoof of educational institutions.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

June 10, in the Church of St. Andrew, Dublin, by the Rev. M. Lynch, Edwin B., eldest son of James Connolly, of Parsonstown, to Margaret Catherine, daughter of the late John Fitzpatrick, of Usher street.

June 11, in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Wm. How, of Gordon House, Turnham green, Middlesex, to Louisa Catherine, second daughter of the Rev. R. Ardill, of Johnstown House, Cabinteely.

June 11, at St. Peter's Church, Arthur Morgan, Esq., Assistant Surgeon Bengal Army, to Anna Mary, daughter of the late Major Burns, 19th regiment.

June 9, at the Roman Catholic Church of Lucan, by the Rev. Francis Doran, Thomas M'Gilloway, Esq., of the Poor Law office, Dublin, to Hannah Mary, eldest daughter of Thomas Doran, Esq., Salmon Leap Mills, Leixlip.

June 15, at the Church of St. Mary Star of the Sea, by the Very Rev. Dr. O'Connell, P.P., Æneas M. Byrne, Esq., to Lizzie Maria, daughter of the late Thomas Hunt, Esq., 77 Upper Baggot street, Dublin.

June 13, at St. Mary's Church, Birkenhead, by the Rev. H. B. Walton, M.A., Fellow of Merton College and Vicar of Holywell, Oxford, William Killegrew Wait, Esq., of Cliffon, to Elizabeth, daughter of John Perrin, Esq., of Wicklow.

At Wicklow Church, by the Rev. Henry Brownrigg, John Ruskell, Esq., of Ballyrichard, to Selina Vincent, only daughter of John Clements, Esq., Coolawinna, county Wicklow.

At Ferbane Church, by the Rev. Joseph M. Daly, Ross Mahon, Esq., of Ladywell, county Westmeath, to Harriette, daughter of the Rev. Henry King, of Ballylin, King's County.

DEATHS.

June 11, at 3 Camden place, Dublin, much regretted, Mary, relict of Mr. James Gormley, formerly of Henry street.

June 17, at 3 Camden place, at an advanced age, Mary, relict of John Hoey, Esq.

June 9, at 84 Queen street, after a short illness, Elizabeth, wife of George Checketts, Esq.

June 15, at 13 Upper Gardiner st., Patrick J. Killen, Esq., aged 82 years.

June 13, at Wellington place, Lovedy Lavina, second daughter of G. E. St. Laurence, Esq.

June 13, of inflammation on the lungs, Edw. Fraser, Esq., aged 55 years.

June 17, at his residence, Blackrock, county Dublin, aged 30 years, Mr. Daniel Sullivan, after a long illness.

June 15, Mrs. M. A. Lambert, the beloved wife of Mr. John Lambert, City quay, Dublin, kind, generous, and hospitable. In life she was beloved—in death lamented.

June 10, at Carysfort avenue, Blackrock, John Cullin Esq., aged 80 years.

June 11, at Carysfort avenue, Blackrock, Mary, relict of Major T. N. Edgeworth, of Kilshrewley, county Longford.

June 4, at his residence, Edenderry, King's County, of which town he was an inhabitant all his life, Mr. George Canavon, aged 80 years, sincerely regretted by all who knew him.

June 14, at Kilbeggan, of scarletina, Richard Joseph, the beloved son of John Locke, Esq., aged four years and eight months.

At Charlotte's quay, Limerick, Mrs. Goulding, relict of the late Patrick Goulding, Esq., T.C.

At the residence of her brother, Mr. William Latchford, Mrs. William Shine, of Lisamote Castle, Ballingarry, of disease of the lungs, brought on by a neglected cold.

June 9, of bronchitis, whilst on a visit to her children in Dublin, Mrs. Anna Farrelly, the beloved wife of Michael Farrelly, Esq., of Mullagh, county Cavan.

February 10, at Yass, Australia, of fever, in his 28th year, William, the only son of Wm. Richardson, late of Spring Park, in the county of Dublin.

June 12, in London, the Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damer, relict of Hon. H. D. Damer, and mother of the Earl of Portarlington, aged 72.

June 3, at Gold Mines, county Wicklow, Julia, fifth daughter of Anthony Murphy, Esq., aged 17 years.

June 11, at Spring Garden Parade, John Joseph, fifth son of Mr. John Kerrigan, aged 5 years.

June 8, at his residence, 5 Drumcondra Terrace, after a protracted illness, which he bore with true Christian patience, Mr. John Mulloy, formerly of Dunleer, county Louth, in the 70th year of his age.

June 14, in London, Andrew T. Montgomery, Esq., late of The Knocks, county Kildare.

June 14, at Prospect, the Rev. Timothy Connolly, C.C., of Rathdrum, where for the last seven years he ministered to the spiritual wants of the inmates of the workhouse of that town. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

ANECDOTE OF MRS. BURNS.—It is generally known that Mrs. Burns, after her husband's death, occupied exactly the same house in Dumfries which she inhabited before that event; and it was customary for strangers, who happened to pass through, or visit that town, to pay their respects to her, with or without letters of introduction, precisely as they do to the churchyard, the bridge, the harbor, or any other public object of curiosity about the place. A gay young Englishman one day visited Mrs. Burns, and after he had seen all she had to show,—the bedroom in which the poet died, his original portrait by Nasmyth, his family Bible, with the names and birthdays of himself, his wife, and children, written on a blank leaf by his own hand, and some other little trifles of the same nature,—he proceeded to entreat that she would have the kindness to present him with some relic of the poet, which he might carry away with him, as a wonder, to show in his own country. "Indeed, sir," said Mrs. Burns, "I have given away so many relics of Mr. Burns, that, to tell the truth, I have not one left." "O, you surely must have something," said the persevering Saxon; "anything will do—any little scrap of his handwriting, the least thing you please. All I want *is just a relic of the poet;* and anything, you know, will do for a relic." Some further altercation took place—the lady reasserting that she had no relic to give, and he as repeatedly renewing his request. At length, fairly tired out with the man's importunities, Mrs. Burns said to him, with a smile, "'Deed, sir, unless you take *myself*, then, I dinna see how you are to get what you want; for, really, *I'm* the only *relict* o' him that I ken o'." The petitioner at once withdrew his request.

THE TREATY OF PEACE WITH PERSIA.—The text of the Treaty of Peace with Persia has been published. It consists of fifteen articles, the principal provisions of which are the evacuation of the Persian territory by the British troops; the withdrawal of the Persian troops from Herat and every other part of Affghanistan within three months from the date of the ratification of the treaty; the relinquishment of the Shah of all claims to sovereignty over Herat and the countries of Affghanistan, and of any marks of obedience, such as coinage, or tribute. The Shah engages to abstain hereafter from all interference with the internal affairs of Affghanistan, whose independence, together with that of Herat, he agrees to recognize. In case of differences arising between Persia and those territories, the Shah engages to refer them for adjustment to the friendly offices of the British, and not to take up arms until such offices fail. In case of violation of the Persian frontier by the states referred to, the Shah may undertake military operations for the repression or punishment of the offenders, but the forces are to retire within their own territory as soon as the object is accomplished, and not occupy or annex to the Persian dominions any portion of the said states.

FALL OF A NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.—The Roman Catholics in Plymouth have for some time past had in course of erection, a noble-looking structure, which was to serve them as the cathedral for the new diocese of Plymouth. It was expected that it would be ready for consecration on the 4th of August next. The hope was entirely destroyed on the 3rd of June, for the roof fell in with a tremendous crash, and the building with its lofty western front standing apart from the roof which connects the transept with the chancel of the church, presents the appearance of a ruin. The workmen had the alarm given in time, and they all got away, the architect being the last to leave. The whole of the building at the time was roofed in, and everything was apparently going on well. Before the order for shoreing up could be matured, the architect saw symptoms that the building was likely to fall, and he had only time to warn the men to leave the building, and then to get away himself when the southern arches of the nave, and the large eastern arch fell with a tremendous crash, bringing down with them the southern clerestory.

GOLDSMITH'S TRIAL.—A voluminous author was one day expatiating on the advantages of employing an amanuensis, and thus saving time and the trouble of writing. "How do you manage it?" said Goldsmith. "Why, I walk about the room, and dictate to a clever man, who puts down very correctly all that I tell him, so that I have nothing to do, more than just to look over the manuscript, and then send it to the press." Goldsmith was delighted with the information, and desired his friend to send the amanuensis the next morning. The scribe accordingly waited upon the doctor, with the implements of pens, ink, and paper placed in order before him, ready to catch the oracle. Goldsmith paced the room with great solemnity, several times, for some time; but, after racking his brains to no purpose, he put his hand into his pocket, and, presenting the amanuensis with a guinea, said, "It won't do, my friend; I find that my head and hand must go together."

THE SUNKEN FLEET OF THE BLACK SEA.—Sixteen of the Russian vessels that were sunk during the war in the Black Sea, between Sebastopol, Nicolaieff, and Odessa, have been raised. The steamers Pruth, Laba, Reni, Danube, and Chersonnes, have been refitted, and are again in service. There were eighty seven vessels in all sunk, and those that have been recovered have been raised by the Russians under the direction of their engineers at naval officers.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—The date of their first play is 1607, when Beaumont was in his twenty-first year; and it was probably acted some time before. He brought, however, into the firm a genius uncommonly fertile and commanding. In all the editions of their plays, and in every notice of their joint productions, notwithstanding Fletcher's seniority, the name of Beaumont always stands first. Their connection, from similarity of taste and studies, was very intimate, and it would appear, at one time, very economical. Aubrey informs us, that "there was a wonderful consimility of fancy between Mr. Francis Beaumont and Mr. John Fletcher, which caused that dearness of friendship between them. I have heard Dr. John Earl, since Bishop of Sarum, say, who knew them, that his (Beaumont's) main business was to correct the super-overflowings of Mr. Fletcher's wit. They lived together on the Bankside, not far from the play-house, both bachelors; had one bench in the house between them, which they did so admire; the same clothes, cloak, &c., between them."

CEYLON FROM THE SEA.—The face of the country exhibits to the eye of taste a variety of landscapes at once beautiful and grand. With a good telescope you distinctly perceive the land in some parts rising gradually, in others abruptly from the shore, everywhere clothed in verdure, interspersed with villages, shaded by stately trees, divided into corn-fields, in many places enclosed with quick-set hedges. Farther back in the country you behold plantations of coffee and whole woods of cinnamon and various other aromatics, frequently overtopped by the lofty tamarind and the palm, occasionally giving way to the majestic banyan and intermixed throughout with trees bearing their fruit and blossom together. The eye at length loses sight of those woods on the acclivities of these stupendous mountains, whose broken precipices, turfed with old trees, overlook the plains, and whose shaggy tops tower above the clouds. It is scarcely possible for the imagination to picture scenery more magnificent and beautiful.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—A correspondent of the London *Medical Circular* vouches for the relief he has experienced in the liberal use of lime (fresh lemon) juice, whilst laboring under the paroxysms of rheumatism. By repeated indulgence in the above simple acid, for the space of three days, avoiding all stimulating liquids, the most confirmed rheumatism will, he says, relax, and the tone of the muscular and nervous system will be restored to its usual character. The fact was first established by the circumstance of the Jews being, as a general body, scarcely ever affected with the above disease, and this particular exemption from the malady was, and has been, attributed to the very free indulgence which the above people exercise in their dietary consumption of lemon-juice.

DISCOVERY OF CATHOLIC ANTIQUITIES IN SCOTLAND—A letter received from Scotland states that as some workmen were engaged in excavations in the churchyard of Coldingham, near Galashiels, they came upon the tombs of two of the early Priors of the monastic establishment which formerly existed there, a convent dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin. The tombs were of a simply early Gothic character. The one was that of Ernald, who was Prior from 1202 to 1208, and the other that of his successors, Radulph, who held the same office only for a single year. The body of Ernald was found entire. It was sewed up in leather, and his shoes were on his feet, and a hazel rod of about thirty inches long was lying across his breast. The body of Radulph was simply wrapped up in a course description of woollen cloth.

THE ELEPHANT.—A gentleman, writing to his country friend in Lincolnshire, (England,) who had done him some recent favor, informed him by letter how much he was obliged, and that he should soon send him an *equivalent*. Not being accustomed to *fashionable scrawls*, he read it that his friend would send him an *elephant;* and, building a barn at the time, actually fitted up a stall for the reception of his expected present. The arrival, however, of a *barrel of oysters*, by the stage, a few days afterwards, helped him to the right reading, by putting him in possession of a more equitable *equivalent* than an *elephant*. From this story, perhaps, the saws about "seeing the elephant" were derived.

ST. ANTONY'S FIRE.—A note in the life of St. Antony, in Alban Butler's *Lives* (Jan 17th), explains the origin of the name: "In 1089, a pestilential erysipelas distemper, called the Sacred Fire, swept off great numbers in most provinces of France; public prayers and processions were ordered against the scourge. At length it pleased God to grant many miraculous cures of this dreadful distemper to those who implored His mercy through the intercession of St. Antony, especially before his relics; the church in which they were deposited was resorted to by great numbers of pilgrims, and his patronage was implored over the whole kingdom against this disease."

POLITE NAME FOR A LADY IN PERSIA.—Most travelers in Persia have remarked the somewhat singular custom of not alluding to a woman directly by name. A husband speaks of his wife as "the mother of Ali or Ahmed," as the case may be, her eldest son. Lady Sheil tells us that the Prime Minister always talked of his wife, who was his cousin, as "the daughter of his uncle." In Turkey the wife is always alluded to under the general term of "the House;" and if you are sufficiently intimate with a man to inquire after his better half, it is always under this vague designation that you ask the state of her health.

TIT FOR TAT.—A newly married couple (says a late French paper) being visited with a serenade, the bride inquired its meaning. "My dear," replied her husband, "it is usual in this town of ours, when a gentleman is married, for all the ladies whom he has jilted, or flirted with, to bring him each a bridal present of a loaf of bread, accompanied with music." "Ah!" exclaimed his young wife, "love, why didn't you tell me of that before? How provoking!—why, I would have made all the *beaux* that *I* have had come over from my town, and bring me each a bottle of wine. And then, dear, we would both have had enough to be merry on, I dare say, for the whole year to come."

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.—The following letter has appeared: "As the daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott, we desire to offer to the public, through your journal, our full and entire contradiction of a report which has been circulated, and which claims for our parents some participation, less or more, in the authorship of the Waverley Novels. We shall be greatly obliged by your giving publicity to our declaration that these surmises are entirely false. We have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servants, Jessie Huxley, Ann Rutherford Scott, and Eliza C. Pratt."

"LUCK IN ODD NUMBERS"—A letter from Rome mentions the death of the Baron Gazioli, who by his talents in business in a few years amassed a colossal fortune. He arrived at Rome as a journeyman baker, with seventeen sous in his pocket, and at his death left one of the largest fortunes in Rome. In memory of the seventeen sous of capital with which he commenced, he has always held that number in veneration. He had seventeen farms, seventeen houses, and seventeen different kinds of investment of money.

ENCUMBERED ESTATES COURT.—The sales in one week lately realized £78,000. The amount of rental posted for sale in June is £18,263 per annum, the acreage being 83,000. The two largest properties are those of Sir Edmund Hayes, M.P., in the county of Donegal (£6,000 a year), on the 12th of June, and of George Lane Fox, in Waterford, on the 26th. After the 10th of July, and until the 2nd of November, there will be no further sales in the present year.

SPREAD OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM.—Cardinal Wiseman, in a pastoral just issued to the several Roman Catholic congregations in London, announces that within the last twelve months no less than seven religious edifices have been opened in his diocese, and others are now in course of building. Amongst other institutions founded has been an hospital presided over by the Sisters of Charity who served in the East during the late war.

GIANT ROSE TREE.—There is now growing in the grounds of Mr. J. Buxton, florist, Wandsworth road, England, a rose tree of extraordinary size and beauty. An engraving of this remarkable tree appeared in 1850, since which time it has continued to increase in size, and is now nearly forty feet in circumference, more than twelve feet high, and bears from 3,000 to 4,000 beautiful roses.

A PREDICTION.—General Dugommier, going one day to the committee of war in company with Napoleon, said to the members present: "Here is an officer of great merit. He will rise, depend upon it: if *you* do not advance him, he will know how to advance himself."

Mr. Thackery opens his lecture on the third of the "George's" with a story of his own childhood. He tells how the ship which brought him from his native land of India to England stopped on the way at an island; how he was then carried ashore by the faithful black servant to whom his father had entrusted him; how they two wandered through a little town, and were taken to see a simple country house, where in a small garden they beheld a small, stout sallow-faced gentlemen, in a broad hat, who was superintending some horticultural experiment, and how this small stout sallow-faced gentleman was described to him by his guardian, speaking loud and with bated breath, as "the terrible ogre, Bonaparte, who ate three sheep to his breakfast every day, besides all the little children he could get." This alarming story, adds Thackery, "was confirmed to me on my arrival in England by all to whom I mentioned the name of the formidable person that it had been my fortune to see."

The Secretary of a county Bible Society in England, invited the Earl of Oxford to take the chair at their meeting, and received in reply the following: "Sir: I am surprised and annoyed at the contents of your letter. Surprised because my well known character should have exempted me from such an application; and annoyed, because it obliges me to have this communication with you. I have long been addicted to the gaming-table—I have lately taken to the turf—I fear I frequently blaspheme—I have never distributed religious tracts. And it was well known to you and your Society; notwithstanding which you think me a fit person for your president. God forgive your hypocrisy. I would rather live in the land of sinners than with such Saints.

One of the cleverest caricatures issued in Paris during Napoleon's reign was levelled at the Prince Borghese, the husband of the Emperor's sister Pauline. The prince was a good-natured, thick-headed sort of a personage, possessed an immense fortune, and greatly devoted to the pleasures of the table. The caricaturist placed him in the centre of a group of jackasses, making him exclaim, "Where can one be happier than in the bosom of his own family?"

One day when Napoleon breakfasted with the Empress, he inquired of one of the ladies present what might be the cost of a pot-pie which he saw on the table. "Twelve francs to your majesty," she replied with a smile, "and six francs for a private citizen."

"That is to say, that I am cheated," said Napoleon.

"Not at all, sire, but it is quite customary for a sovereign to pay higher for everything than do his subjects."

"That is something I cannot understand," he replied quickly, "and I shall see after it."

The fact was that he did pay more attention to domestic economy than do many private individuals.

When an Arab woman intends to marry again after the death of her first husband, she comes, in the night before her second marriage, to the grave of her dead husband. Here she kneels and prays to him, and entreats him "not to be offended—not to be jealous." As, however, she fears he will be jealous and angry, the widow brings with her a donkey, laden with two goat-skins of water. Her prayers and entreaties done, she proceeds to pour on the grave the water to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place; and, having well saturated it, she departs.

Barthe, the French dramatic author, was remarkable for selfishness. He was so completely wrapped up in the consciousness of his own importance as to be often strangely insensible to the wants and woes of others. Calling upon a friend, whose opinion he wished to have on a new comedy, he found him in his last moments; but, notwithstanding, proposed to him to have it read. "Consider," said the dying man, "I have not more than an hour to live." "Ay," replied Barthe, "but this will occupy only half that time."

The London *Times* newspaper is printed in an antique, dingy-looking building in Printing House square, and the rooms are all low, dark and uninviting. Eighty-eight compositors are always at work on advertisements, and forty-three more work on parliamentary debates and other matter. Four presses are required to work off the morning edition, and to take advantage of these four presses, part of the paper is regularly electrotyped. The daily edition of the *Times* is 53,000.

Some one was warmly recommending to Napoleon a certain M. Girault, pastor of Carvol, near Clamecy: "He is a man," said they, "of the most rigid piety, and well fitted for the metropolis. So strict are his morals that he will not even use of a saddle after a lady, unless it is stuffed and covered in the new ——." "Is that the sort of piety he has?" interrupted the Emperor. "Well, let him stay in the village, he would be ruined in Paris."

The Paris papers are filled with an account of a brilliant review of the Guards, held at Longchamps. Our fair readers may be pleased to learn that "the Empress looked charming, and a pair of sun-protecting spectacles, which she wore at times, failed to reduce her attractions. As usual, lilac formed the prevailing color of her toilette, which was airy and elegant in the extreme. A leghorn bonnet with a bird of paradise tail covered her head."

The new Leviathan steamer will, it is said, be placed on the Canada line. She is to sail from the westermost part of Ireland to the eastermost land of America, and if she can accomplish twenty-four miles an hour she may complete the distance in little more than three days—being 1,800 miles. This will admit of her taking, in fine weather, a great number of deck passengers.

According to the official papers, the Austrian empire contains 16,800,000 sheep, most of them of the Merino breed, 43,000 persons find a livelihood in tending them, and the yearly amount for the exported wool is put down at 25,000,000 florins, while the home consumption for the woollen manufacture is estimated at 8,000,000.

A dissatisfied soldier one day showed his old tattered coat to Napoleon, and sharply asked him for a new one—for that that was no longer fit to cover him. "A new coat!" rejoined the Emperor, "don't think of such a thing; it would only hide your wounds."

A celebrated Frenchwoman has well said that the greatest blessing a woman can receive on earth is the continuance of the affection of her husband after marriage. The sentiment is worthy of reception in every country, and by every woman.

The heart of the Queen of Westphalia, the second wife of Prince Jerome Bonaparte and mother of Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde, inclosed in an urn, has been deposited in the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon at the Invalides.

In Paris the police keep a sharp eye on adulterations of milk by chalk and water. On the detection of a culprit they place a sign over the door of the milk-shop stating the fact, circumstances, &c., &c.

In 1829 the number of newspapers published in London alone amounted to about 18,000,000; in 1830, to 20,000,000; and in 1831, to about 22,000,000; and at present the number is about 42,000,000.

Ostend ought to be renowned for its healthiness; from the 24th May to the 5th of June, a space of twelve days, no death occurred, though the population exceeds 16,000.

The pianoforte was invented by J. C. Schroder, of Dresden, in 1717, and the first instrument was made in London in 1776, by a German named Zumble.

HOME MISCELLANY.

Ship-Building in Maine.—The Bangor *Whig* gives the condition of ship-building interest in Maine. This branch of industry in the State is not in so discouraging a situation as many suppose. There are forty ships and barks, besides the smaller vessels, either launched or to be launched in the State, during the present season. Of these, twenty are on the Kennebec river. Two have been launched at Richmond, and two or three others are now building; four have been launched at Bath, and four or five are on the stocks. There are several building above Richmond—one of them at Pittston, and one at Gardiner. Seven or eight (ships and barks) have been launched or are to be launched in the Waldoboro district, this year. On the Penobscot river, there are two at Belfast, two at Castine, (one launched and one on the stocks,) and we think one in Searsport—besides a number of brigs and smaller vessels at different points on the river.

Beef or no Beef.—In Baltimore a meeting of the beef butchers was held to consider the propriety of ceasing to attend the several markets until the price of cattle shall come down to a fair and reasonable standard. As similar movements are being made in other cities, if there is concert of action by the butchery and people, this great necessary of life will soon be within the reach of all. The Baltimore meeting was only a preliminary one, and another will be held, when it will be determined what course is to be pursued. The Cincinnati *Commercial* says that most of the prominent butchers of that city, as well as the more respectable class of market men, express their opinion in favor of abolishing the markets, and throwing the provision business open, in the same manner with other merchandize.

Sacramento Homes.—Eight years ago, a father and his sons were wandering across the desert, looking towards the West for a place to rest; and when the twilight came out of the ocean and began to climb up among the trees on the mountains eastward, the immigrant unyoked his cattle on the banks of a broad, beautiful river, and said to his companions, "thus far will we go." Yesterday we saw him sitting by his door; the tired cattle had wandered off, his tent had disappeared, and from the ashes of his camp fire a stately mansion had risen, with vines and creepers clustering about the windows. The shadows of long rows of cottonwood trees were lengthening on the ground where his children were playing, and the immigrant and his wife sat under their own vine and said to each other: "We have found rest."—*Sac. Age.*

Milking.—It is no easy matter to teach an old man or woman how to milk a cow. The art should be taught to all the children while they are capable of learning. They should learn in the first place to treat the cow with kindness, for we know of but few cows that will be forced to part with all their milk. But when treated kindly they are pleased to be relieved of a flood in a distended bag, and will never object to be stripped when a known friend approaches. It is quite important to milk cows with rapidity. Let no one be permitted to sit and talk to a friend while drawing out the milk. Let the operator know that no talking is to be permitted in the cowyard, for milking and talking are two distinct operations, and must never be united.—*Ploughman.*

Sir William Wallace.—In Cincinnati, the natives of ancient Caledonia, from highland and lowland, and mountain and valley, have clubbed together and collected, in a brief time, four hundred dollars, for the monument to Scotia's great and gallant chief, Sir William Wallace. Throughout America, but especially in the British provinces, where the Scotch are numerous, there might be a sum sufficient collected, if patriotism influenced, and the national pulse beat responsively, to the applications from "bonnie Scotland," to construct the monument without further appeals, or awaiting increased means.

A Race Across the Atlantic.—Three magnificent steamships sailed at the same hour from New York for Europe. These ships were the *Atlantic*, for Liverpool; the *Vanderbilt*, for Southampton; and the *New York*, for Glasgow. They made a magnificent show, and, as the day was brilliant, and the bay crowded with vessels of various kinds, the spectacle was inconceivably grand. The *Atlantic* carried out 120 passengers and $1,128,593, in specie. The *New York* took out 195 passengers. The *Vanderbilt* carried out 190 passengers and $850,000, in specie. It is said that there has been some betting made on their relative speed.

An Indian Hunter's Device.—The Indians in the mountains, says a California paper, have a cunning device by which they get within arrow shot of deer. To accomplish this object, they stretch a bark string for a long distance, along the brow of a hill almost as high from the ground as a deer's chest. The deer coming across this obstacle, and not feeling always disposed to jump it, will follow the line in hope for an opening to get by. While performing this manœuvre, he is very likely brought towards some ambush, from whence he gets an arrow in his ribs.

The Oldest Woman.—We doubt whether as old a woman now survives as one whose remains were committed to the grave a week ago. Aunt Till, a slave belonging to Captain Lewis Bissell, of this neighborhood, died on the 8th June at the extraordinary age of 130 years. Such an instance of longevity has not come under our observation for many years.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Salmon Fishing.—The down-east season is now at its height, and the Bangor *Journal* tells of a sporting party, who had just left there for the Bay of Chaleur, to spend a few weeks in salmon fishing in Restigouche river, a locality of much celebrity among sportsmen all over the world, and which attracts thither gentlemen from England, France, Ireland, and other countries. The camp mode of life, and the recreation of pursuing the royal game with hook and line, are capable of making a month or two of the summer pass agreeably.

A Human Ostrich.—The papers of Rochester, New York, say they have a man in that city who will swallow stones at the rate of two cents a piece as long as the spectators furnish the money. This singular being is a German, of diminutive size, lean, but apparently healthy. He is fifty-four years old, and has been in the habit of swallowing stones since he was eighteen years of age, and earned his living in that way—often swallowing fifty a day.

Burying their Treasures.—The California miners have been swindled so often by the failure of bankers in that State, that, not knowing where else to deposit their gold, they have taken to burying the dust, until they have an opportunity of carrying it away. The San Francisco papers estimate that fifteen million dollars' worth of gold is at this moment buried in the earth, where it has been placed by the owners.

A New Species of Quackery.—A "physician" was arrested in Manayunk, Philadelphia, some time since, as a swindler, at the instigation of an old lady, whose rheumatism under his treatment grew worse and worse. The materia medica of this physician was composed of the two simples—water and turpentine. After his arrest, the sham doctor refunded all his fees, and went back to his legitimate occupation of shoemaking.

A Home Thrust.—A merchant of New York who was on the verge of bankruptcy, took a walk one day with his cashier who had grown rich and built several fine houses in a fashionable avenue. In his pride of heart he showed his employer his palatial dwellings, and asked triumphantly, "What do you think of that?" "I think," said the merchant, after a pause, "that you had better take my business and let me act as cashier!"

A Snake Tale.—A Dr. Newsom, at Red Bluffs, says the *Beacon* of last week, captured a rattlesnake in August last, which he sealed up in a jar. Since then the snake has had nothing to eat or drink. Notwithstanding, it appears that the creature is still alive, has increased nearly two ounces in weight, and has had an additional rattle developed, and is active as when first caught. So the Doctor avers.

The Crops.—The land, from one end to the other, is now rejoicing in most glorious prospects of good crops. Never has there been finer growing weather than for three weeks past, and in that time, a total change has taken place on the face of nature. The largest crop of grain ever produced in the United States will be grown in this year.—*St. Louis Intelligencer.*

Gray Eyes.—Gray eyes will bring a premium in the market of romance, now that the "Man of Destiny" has immortalized optics of that hue upon the plains and up the rivers of Nicaragua. Napoleon the First had a vast opinion of men with Roman noses, and for a time in the world's history they put all other noses completely out of joint.

Simple Cure for Dysentery.—Take Indian corn, roasted and ground in the manner of coffee, (or coarse meal browned,) and boil in a sufficient quantity of water to produce a strong liquid like coffee, and drink a teacup full, warm, two or three times a day. One day's practice, it is said, will ordinarily effect a cure.

Grasshoppers.—These insects have appeared north of St. Paul and west of the Mississippi, in innumerable swarms, as they did last year in the same locality. They have not yet infested the country east of the Mississippi. They are every year said to be making progress southward.

Robbing the Mail.—Three young men, well known in Indianapolis, sons of two of the most respectable citizens of that place, have been arrested and held to bail on a charge of robbing the mail between Indianapolis and Terre Haute.

Dacotah.—Recent advices from Minnesota go to show that the inchoate territory of Dacotah has already civilized settlements located in it, which have been there for many years.

The ice mountain is a remarkable natural curiosity, in the county of Hampshire, Virginia. It is upon the North River, (eastern bank,) 26 miles northwest of Winchester, and rises 500 feet above the river. "The west side, for a quarter of a mile," says Mr. How, in his history of Virginia, "is covered with a mass of loose stone of a light color, which reaches down to the bank of the river. By removing the loose stone, fine crystal ice can always be found in the warmest days of summer. It has been discovered even as late as the 15th of September; but never in October, although it may exist throughout the entire year, and be found, if the rocks were excavated to a sufficient depth. The body of rocks where the ice is found is subject to the full rays of the sun from nine o'clock in the morning until sunset. The sun does not have the effect of melting the ice as much as continued rains. At the base of the mountain is a spring of water cooler by many degrees than spring water generally is."

A man was recently arrested in Albany for stealing his daughter's ear-rings to bet on a dog fight.

The Philadelphia *Evening Journal* says:—"In Philadelphia, during the height of the storm Sunday evening, a fearful scene occurred. A family was seated around a table engaged in ordinary conversation, when a dispute among some of the children and young people took place. Words grew high, and the mother attempted to quell the disturbance. In turn she was made the object of their anger, and while the heated blood was finding vent in words, the parent arose from her seat, and once more interposed. It was of no avail, and the parties nearly came to blows. At that moment, while from her own children coals of mental fire were being heaped upon the mother, she suddenly sank down *dead*, and her last breath was drowned by the angry voices of her offspring. The feelings of those present no words can adequately describe, but on their minds for years to come we should imagine that an impress would remain of the angry group, the little room and the dying mother reviled by her own children."

Advices from Salt Lake informs us that great dissentions have arisen among the Mormons, and that there was some probability of a collision occurring between the contending factions. Brigham Young was said to have proceeded northward, in search of favorable localities for new settlements. Parties of Missionaries continue to be sent out, and a large number are reported to have started eastward. The polygamists in the Mormon settlement of San Bernardino, it is reported, have been ordered to remove with their wives to Salt Lake, in order that the peculiar institution may be strengthened by the union of those who have adopted it.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, writing from Sharon, Me., says: "The gold fever has broken out again in this town. An infirm man and his son obtained $23 50 worth of the precious metal in five days. It is obtained only in the river among the rocks. I visited the spot yesterday and examined the specimens obtained. It is richer than the best of California gold, the 'lumps' varying in size from the value of one cent to one dollar. Some have been found much heavier. Considerable excitement exists here, and explorations, are being made in the surrounding regions by returned Californians."

Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age; its appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts of learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks us into contempt. The path of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in our power to stop; one artifice unavoidably leads on to another, till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, we are left entangled in our snare.

A letter in the *Atlanta Intelligencer* contains the following: "Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 10, 1856. Hon. James Buchanan. Dear Sir: The election is now over, and you are President. During the canvass I have hollered for you until I am hoarse, and my throat is sore, and I have spent all my small change. If you have got any office that would suit a boy of my age (13 years), I would like to have it—and if not, please send me $10. Yours, respectfully." That youth will get on.

The Down East parsons get many severe hits for their isms and ologies. The following on "Playing Anniversary" is quite *Punchy. Big Boy:* "Now you know, I'm a minister from Philadelphia, and you must make believe you's a minister from Boston.', *Small Boy*, (indignantly)—"Oh! oh!! yes, I dessay, in a horn! That's the way with you, you allus make me take the mean part."

There is a monomaniac named Bougham, in Montgomery County, Mo., who has lived under a shelving rock, on the bank of the Loutre river, for the past three years, all which time he has spent in digging in the solid rock, searching for treasure which he says his uncle and some other men who were miners, buried there more than a hundred years ago. His only garments are of leather, and his only tools an axe and a tin pale.

A Justice in Detroit, recently married a couple who had attained the ages of eighty-seven and eighty-eight. The bride was bashful, and requested that the office door be closed to keep out spectators during the performances of the ceremonies. She acted on Hamlet's advice, "let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in his own house."

It having been stated that the members of the New York Legislature shed tears when they adjourned, an exchange says: "There appeared to be some doubt whether they wept at parting from each other, or because their opportunities for clutching the public money were at an end. It is said they were the only people in the State that were at all distressed on the occasion."

A sack of new flour was received at Galveston, on the 18th of June, from Brazoria, the first fruits of the season, and the forerunner of millions to follow from the interior of Texas. The wheat crop of South Carolina, it is said, will be the largest this season ever harvested in that State. The crop in Virginia is also large and the corn crop is looking well.

The manufacture of salt in Ohio, more particularly along the Muskingum river, is more extensive than is generally supposed. Between Zanesville and McConnelsville, Morgan County, there are twenty-five salt furnaces, which manufacture thirty thousand barrels annually. The quality is excellent.

It is common for weak men to sin and repent and to keep on sinning and repenting. No such man can be trusted.

You may take, says a correspondent of the Syracuse *Standard*, the strongest and healthiest man in your city, dress him as you please, place him in the parlor, let him practice habits of inaction, and go through the round of fashionable nothings which employ your fashionable women, and in one year he will be a nervous invalid.

The Military Expedition to Utah, which is talked of, will not take up its line of march from Fort Leavenworth until the middle of July. As it will take sixty days to reach Great Salt City, and the snows in that region set in as early as October, there will either be no expedition at all or else great suffering among the troops.

When you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation; but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you, that you may learn contentment.

The Salem *Register* says a gentleman of that city "has an umbrella, still in good order, which he has used on all proper occasions for *forty-seven* years. He imported it from Liverpool in the year 1810, and it has been serviceable during all the intervening period."

About two thousand acres of wild land were sold in northwestern Virginia, a few days since, at the rate of $2 per acre for half, and $1 50 for the remainder. The land is about forty miles from Parkersburg, within four miles of a railroad, and adapted to grazing.

Horse shoe nails are made by machinery in Providence, and the manufacturers have just made a contract to supply the General Government. The *Post* says one man and a boy with three machines, will do the work of fifty men in the ordinary way.

There never has been a period in the political history of the Keystone State, when the Democratic party stood on higher ground or the influences of its principles were more thoroughly felt to constitute the sheet anchor of security.—*Pennsylvania.*

A Halifax paper says that the Comet is visible there to the naked eye in the northeast direction of the heavens. Its appearance is equal to a star of the first magnitude, but of a dull color, every now and then scintillating, as with sudden flashes of light.

A transcendental preacher took for his text, "Feed my Lambs." A plain farmer very quaintly remarked to him on coming out of the church: "A very good text, sir, but you should take care not to put hay so high in the rack that lambs can't reach it.

Mr. Flint, in his report of the Agriculture of Massachusetts, says that the value of the grass crop of the United States, for pasturage and hay together, is not less than three hundred millions of dollars.

Parker H. French—formerly Gen. Walker's minister Plenipotentiary from Nicaragua to Washington—has commenced the publication of an abolition paper in San Francisco, called "*The California Daily Register.*"

Two men who were in jail in Okechobee County, Mississippi, made their escape by changing dresses with their wives, whom the kind-hearted jailor had allowed to visit them in their cells.

Drunkenness is a flattering devil, a sweet poison, a pleasant sin, which, whosoever hath, hath not himself, which whosoever doth commit, doth not commit sin, but he himself is wholly sin.

Two young alligators were lately received at the post office, at Charlotte, N. C., having been sent from Smithfield, N. C., through the mail bags. They were in a box, with stamps attached to pay the postage.

Health comes of itself; but we are at great pains to get our diseases. Health comes from a simple life of nature; diseases from the artificial life of nature.

Man is never wrong while he lives for others; the philosopher who contemplates from the rock is a less noble image than the sailor who struggles with the storm.

Miss Andrews, the "yellow fever heroine," is preparing a work on the ravages of the pestilence at Norfolk, for the benefit of the widow of the mayor of that city.

The Costa Rica *Chronicle* says "the Christianizers" of Walker in Grenada, in their extremity, killed Chepa, a poor fruit woman, and devoured her as a tiger would devour a lamb.

The newspapers of northern Mississippi are loudly complaining of the loss of negroes, large numbers of them having succeeded this spring in escaping from their masters.

Though laughter is looked upon by the philosophers as the property of reason, the excess of it has been always considered as the mark of folly.

A learned physician says that the best drop a lady can take for a cough is to drop the practice of going out at night in thin clothes.

A Wisconsin editor says that at Marietta, Ohio, the French Minister, Count de Sartiges, was introduced as Count *Sausages.*

"What is the best attitude for self-defence?" asked a pupil of a well-known pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the reply.

A person, looking at some skeletons the other day, asked a young doctor present where he got them. He replied, "we raised them!"

The damage by the recent flood of Dansville is set down at $50,950.

AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Chicago, Ill.....P. T. Sherlock.
Joliet, " .....J. O'Connor.
Trenton, N. J.....W. P. Cantwell.
St. Louis, Mo.....P. J. Fallon.
Pittsburg, Pa.....Miss Margaret McKenna.
Philadelphia, Pa....P. F. Cunningham.
Providence, R. I....John Whitney.
Quincy, Mass.....George Cahill.
Salem, " .....Timothy. J. Donovan.
Detroit.....Mr. Charles Fitzsimons.
Pittsfield, Mass.....Anthony Walsh.
Savannah, Ga.....Maurice O'Connell.
Scranton, Pa.....M. J. Joyce.
Lowell, Mass.....Patrick Sheahan.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y..John O'Donnell.
West Troy, N. Y....John Bartlett.
Dubuque, Iowa.....James Maguire.
Freeport, Ill.....John O'Connell.
Manchester, N. H...William Crosbie.
Toledo, Ohio.....John J. Flynn.
Cohoes, N. Y.....Bernard Ryan.
Worcester, Mass.....Thomas Maguinness.
Albany, N. Y.....J. Fitzgerald.

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Mr. John Dillon Smith is not, and never has been, authorized to act as Agent or to collect for this Journal.

THE NAME OF MARY.

The dearest name
To Eva's daughters ever given!
Best loved on Earth, best loved in Heaven,—
Revered since bright Archangel came
With holiest message, unto one
Who wore it as a lily fair,
Who brought us life by whispering there—
"Thy word be done!"

It seemeth strange
That others after *Her* should bear
That name of grace: that jewel rare—
That fades not in a world of change
Should but adorn a queenly brow,
And ill accords that fragrant wreath
With the cold hearts that beat beneath
And soil its snow!

Yet would I part
With every other gift I hold,
And, were they mine, with gems and gold,
And human ties that bind the heart,
Rather than that most cherished name,
Which 'neath the noblest domes hath rung,
Which radiant choirs above have sung,
With one acclaim.

And will not He—
The Son of Man, who reigns on high,
Regard her with a clement eye—
(Though stained her spirit's robe may be),—
Who fought—who won no other fame,
And prized above the brightest gem,
In Earth's most envied diadem,—
His Mother's Name?

It is a link,
In pity sent to one so weak,
Do draw me to the home I seek,—
To stay my step on folly's brink:
It is to me a starry light,
That beams when other lights grow pale,
To guide the feet that else would fail
In sorrow's night.

Ah, if I gain—
Through storm and calm—that Port at last,
When doubt shall be forever past,
How light the toil—how light the pain!
But shall I in that hour lay down
This chaplet of my pilgrim years,
And at her feet who dried my tears,
Return the crown?

Or, doubly blest—
If she who on the pilgrim smiled,
But claim me proudly as her child,
In that dear Promised Land of rest!
If she but call me still the same,
And to my prayer the boon impart,
For evermore to hold that claim
Upon her heart?

MARIE.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, '57.

THE POLICE BILL.—The Court of Appeals has decided, at last, that the Police Bill is constitutional. The Court stood five on the affirmative and two dissenting. It is premature to speculate on the results.

NAPOLEON III. IMITATING HIS UNCLE.

THE discussion between Count de Montalembert and the *Univers* on the merits of the present Government of France, has done much to shake the knitting confidence of the Catholic world in the Emperor Napoleon, and we confess that it has completely uprooted our own. When he defeated Socialism, we looked upon him not only as the representative of a political principle struggling for ascendancy, but, to a certain extent, as a bulwark of the Church. When he drew concession after concession from the Sultan, before and during the late war, we thought that the consecrating oil which was poured upon his head in Notre Dame, was most happily used. And, when he stipulated for the freedom of the Catholics of the Holy Land, we concluded that he was beyond question an eminently Catholic sovereign—only second, in fact, to the orthodox Charlemange, and the saintly Charles, in affection for the Holy See and devotion to Catholic interests. All this time we fell into the very common error of supposing that while he consulted his own safety, he held in proper esteem the progress and rights of the religion to which he rendered homage in the person of the Papal Nuncio, and that he was intently bent on laying the foundations of his throne on the staple basis of Catholic loyalty. The writings of the *Univers* went far to mislead us, as did also the adulations of several Bishops, and we have this apology for our error, that it was shared in by the vast majority of English-speaking Catholics in England, Ireland and the United States. Late events, however, have completely changed our opinion, and we now incline to the belief that Napoleon III. is preparing to walk in the footsteps of a Henry II. of England, or a Henry IV. of Germany, so far as he can with safety, and that it will not be a want of inclination, but a want of confidence in his own strength, which will in future control his conduct in relation to the time-honored liberties of the Church of France.

Our readers will remember that we noticed in the TABLET of the 6th ult., the fact that the *Correspondent* had received a warning on account of an article published in it, written by Count Montalembert on the declaration of the Council of State, in the case of the Bishop of Moulins. This declaration practically subverted the constitution of the Church, rendered null her canons forbidding ecclesiastics from appealing to State Courts for redress from ecclesiastical censures under pain of excommunication, and, in effect, asserted the principle which has always been enunciated by despots, and by none more warmly than Catholic ones, that the State is paramount to the Church, within its own limits. It would take up more space than we can spare to give the details of this outrageous assault upon the integrity of necessary discipline. Let it suffice to say, that the four articles appended without consultation by the First Consul to the Concordat conceded by the Holy See, in 1801, and always protested against, are now a part and parcel of the law of France, and that any person detected teaching anything in opposition to them is liable to prosecution. Thus he who has been considered the banner-bearer of Catholicity in Western Europe — whose great concern in opening up China to Catholic missionaries has not yet ceased to draw blessings on his head from every corner of the globe—has not only permitted, but sanctioned, the resuscitation of a defunct statue, which places the government of France in the same position in relation to the Catholic Church, as that occupied by William the 1st, at the end of his reign, Henry II., and Henry VIII. in their respective eras, and in later times by that archetype of all modern Sovereigns who would make our religion a slave in its own creation—Napoleon the First.

The greatest battles ever fought by the Church, not even excepting those against heretics, were waged to repel the advances of the States she drew from chaos upon the barriers of her discipline. If the fortress of the faith was safe from the desecration of Frankish, Gothic, Norman or Celtic invasion, the approaches to it were never free from the undermining influence of Princes. Constantine, Justinian, Theodosius, and for a time William the Conquerer, respected the limits laid down by the ancient Canons between ecclesiastical authority and temporal power, but no one can read the history of the Church without feeling that she has as much, if not more, to fear from the despotic tendencies of rulers than from the licentious tendencies of the people. Exceptional cases, such as we have mentioned, argue nothing against this truth. Before and after them, the constant cry of the Church has been, in Spain, in France, in Germany, and in England, "Save me from the ambition of absolutists."

Napoleon III., after all, is no more a Catholic than his Uncle. It only remains for him to choose his Uncle's repentance now, or to imitate his Uncle's fall hereafter.

ROBERT HOLMES NOT DEAD!

THE Nestor of the Irish Bar is, thank God, yet in the land of the living. The many hearts which regretted his reputed loss last week will beat lighter at the news, and a smile of gladness will run round the globe and light up the faces, made dark, indeed, by the thought that another oak of the Celtic forest was laid low forever.

Nor has he escaped from the hands of Death with a scar. He is hale and hearty as age will let him be; the fire of patriotism burns on the fine old hearthstone of his heart with a constant flame; and, if there is aught about his presence unusual, it must be the look of satisfaction a good man may be supposed to wear who is allowed to read the benedictions of his fellow-men in his own epitaph.

A long life to him, pray we. May he close his eyes when he has fought his last fight on Irish soil, and sleep to the Judgment in an Irish graveyard.

The following letter has appeared in the London and Dublin newspapers:

"10 Merrion square, North, June 13, 1857.

"MY DEAR CORBALLIS:—Just as I was leaving for court this morning my son arrived from London, and you may imagine what my surprise and delight was when he said that he was yesterday for an hour with our friend Holmes, whose imagined death had furnished a topic to so many of the newspapers. He found him reading without glasses, and hearing as well as one at twenty; his memory fresh, and his conversation cheerful. He desired to be remembered to all here who should ask for him; but specially desired to be remembered to you. He enjoyed the commentary on his life, which he had read in the *Times;* but corrected some falsehoods with which the writer seasoned his narrative. My lad came away very much gratified by his interview, and glad to be the bearer of the intelligence which he knew would be so pleasing at home.

"GERALD FITZGIBBON.

"To Richard Corballis, Esq., LL.D., Q.C."

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BAD as the *Herald* is, it is not an unmitigated evil. If it publishes all sorts of obscene evidence in *crim con* cases in one page, it gives a Sunday dish of religious news on another, and if it permits husbands and wives to bedaub each other with filthy phrases in one column, you may look with some degree of confidence for an editorial lecture on the abuses of the marriage contract in the next. In fact, if the *Herald* has many disgraceful characteristics it has some good ones not shared by its more scrupulous cotemporaries, and one of its best is, that it ably assigns two or three of the deliterious effects of Protestantism to their natural and only logical paternity, with a candor which seems to disregard self-interest and common prejudices alike. An instance is before us in an article on the "Religious Press," from which we extract the following passage:

"How far modern sectarian Christianity differs at all from ancient heathen philosophy, (says the *Herald*,) it would be difficult to discover from the teachings and contents of the religious press or of the pulpit which it represents and reports. All the heathen teachers taught men that they ought to do good, and that if they did so, they would be happy, or "go to heaven." Modern heathens, the Buddhists, the Brahmins and other pagans, teach the same thing. This is also the essence, the whole sum and substance of the teachings of the religious press. Wherein, then, is there any difference? Such differences as exist are accessory, and not essential. Some may teach this common doctrine more intensely than others; some may teach temperance more than others; some may be more zealous, more severe and more rigid in their practice; some may mix up more cant and feeling and affected lovingness in their system, but it all results to the same end, and is the same in the end with the religion and philosophy of old ages, viz: 'men ought to do good.' Of course they ought. This is the common natural law, written in the hearts of all men, which He who made man has planted in the hearts of man alone, of all the creatures which He has created. Their system is simple natural deism; they hope to go to heaven on the same ground on which the ancient heathens hoped to go to the Elysian Fields. It would be strange if this were Christianity though it has come to mean no more than this."

This is truthful, and, for the *Herald*, excellent, writing. What is more absurd than a "Christianity"—a new revelation—teaching nothing but what the heathens, Plato, Socrates, and Epicetus, taught of old? What is more absurd than that a God made man should leave no greater evidence of his divine intelligence than the philosophers of Greece and Rome bequeathed to us as the fruits of their natural wisdom? What more ridiculous than that a set of sects, each differing with the other from the matter of altar candlesticks up to the divine nature of the Son of God, should yet seize upon His name, who is all truth and unity, and attach it to the most glaring contradictions? It is related of Diagoras that he doubted the existence of a God, because a perjurer who attempted to take the credit of his verses was not instantly punished by fire from heaven, and it is not surprising that so many like the *Herald* doubt the existence of Christianity as a divine authoritative, teaching organism, because the author of it permits its name to be used as the outward apparel of men who have nothing to distinguish them, except bigotry, from him who sacrificed a cock to Escalapius, or him who thought the gratification of the passions the chief end of man.

"This characteristic (the using of the name 'Christianity,' continues the *Herald*,) belongs to them all, and is not confined to the organ of any particular sect. While severally engaged in hostility against each other, they agree to form an abstraction which includes them all, and this abstraction they unite greatly to puff and applaud. They call the combined religion of all the sects together, 'Protestant Christianity.' In this manner they create an abstract unity out of the most discordant elements; and while they condemn each other separately, they unite to applaud the ideal unity the abstraction composed out of all together, they call 'Protestant Christianity.' It is a singular spectacle to see bodies of men thus destroying each other in detail, while they profess to be one body in the mass.

"They are separate discordant bodies, opposing, reviling and condemning each other; while, at the same time, under a name which includes them all, they are loving Christians and a perfect embodiment of pure Christianity. They fight against each other in detail, and exalt and praise themselves in the mass as 'Protestant Christians'—a name which includes them all. Taken separately, according to their own representations of one another, these multitudinous sects are all evil and all wrong. Every single one declares it to be so of all the others. But, taken collectively, they are all pure and good, constituting a body of excellence which they call 'Protestant Christianity.'"

This objection is very well put, and we would like to see it answered in the *Observer* or *Independent*. Both journals are gradually letting go the grappling hooks of controversy on all subjects of doctrine, but we have some hope that the *Observer* will come out and meet the Nassau street Philistine. As for the *Independent*, it cannot be expected to reply, when the following is its definition of Faith in an article, entitled "The Fruits of the Spirit:"

"Faith is used in the sense of veracity, integrity, trust-worthiness. The Spirit, by His renewing work, makes a person such that you may have faith in him; may put any measure of confidence in him, and he will prove faithful to his word, his promise. Whatever you commit to him, is sure to come out right."

We pity the writer of this stuff too much to charge him with an ignorance as blushless as a Toorkoman's dishonesty; but it is evident that he is entirely unfitted for any employment which requires reflection.

The great fault of the religious press, as the *Herald* says, is its disturbing tendency. It act likes a blister on society, except in its unwholesome effects. It embroils and embitters it, but improves it nothing. Wherever it goes you will find the most rabid and intolerant bigots. A traveller can tell by the state of the moral temperament of a particular locality whether it be cursed or not with a swarm of these religious Spanish flies, and in eight cases out of ten he might guess from the particular symptoms of individuals the sects to which they were indebted for their inoculation. In this point of view it would be better for the cause of order

and social feeling that they never had a being, and it is only when we consider that they disgust as well as excite large portions of the community that we reconcile ourselves to their existence. Man is naturally prepared for the reception of truth, and, when he is divested of error and has recovered his natural state, he approaches it most instinctively. Two who believe nothing are converted to the Catholic Church for one who believes erroneously, on the principle that it is easier to give a direction to an inert mass than to one in action. The religious Press, therefore, is doing good service if we but look beyond the malevolence which it engenders, to the general indifference and the revulsion of sentiment which must follow.

Catholicity is a tempting haven for tost souls. He who casts his anchor of faith into it, whatever else may befal him, finds no discord which he can charge to it. Peace broods over it as if the voice which said to the rebellious waves of Gallilee "be still," were still speaking to it. Whatever of motion there is seen in it, is the motion of order, the march of unity, from the lowest to the highest. Oh! holy haven, would that all men felt your genial influences—would that all men reclined upon your bosom with the security of those who have never felt the storms which lash the voyagers on the ocean of error without!

FOURTH OF JULY IN THE CITY.

Saturday, the eighty-first anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, was signalized in this city by an encounter between two rival factions, which has existed for some time past. The names of the respective parties are the "Dead Rabbit Club" and the "Atlantic Guard," the members of this latter residing for the most part in the Bowery and its neighborhood. Considerable acrimony has existed for some time past between the parties, and it was much to be desired that they had selected another day beside that which commemorates the country's deliverance from kingly despotism, for the display of their vicious propensities. The parties composing the rank and file of those rival factions are made up for the most part of young men between the ages of 16 and 25 years, they are the same as those which may be observed on Sundays or holidays standing on corners of streets, and who, on this account, have acquired the well known and generally understood cognomen of "Corner Boys."

It is satisfactory to be enabled to state that this riot did not in any wise emanate from the present unsettled state of the city government. The actors in it belong to neither the Mayor nor Metropolitan party.

A number of arrests have been made by the Police. Nine persons are reported dead, and over sixty wounded, among which are several who are not expected to survive. Apart from the above unfortunate proceeding, the city presented a gay and animated appearance. The weather, which for some days previous was exceedingly cold and wet, assumed a milder appearance, and at noon the sun appeared with somewhat of its wonted brilliancy. This was eagerly taken advantage of, and in a short time the streets were filled by thousands of well dressed persons, all evidently intent on enjoying themselves.

The Mania for Suicide.—Damp, dull weather is not a bad test of Protestantism. Suicides are leaping off wharfs or blowing their brains out throughout the country with remarkable persistency. If they had a better sense of religion, they would have a greater respect for souls and bodies—witness the disparity of Protestants and Catholics in the roll of self-murderers.

The Christian Schools.—The annual exhibition and distribution of premiums of the above schools will take place at the Academy of Music, 14th street, on Thursday evening, July 23. To commence at 7 o'clock. Tickets 50 cents. Full particulars in our next.

DEATH OF WM. L. MARCY.

Our late Secretary of State, Wm. L. Marcy, is no more. He died at Ballston, in this State, on the morning of the 4th. It is unnecessary for us to enter at any length into the life or political career of this distinguished man; the first is well known, and the latter has become a portion of history. Appointed to the highly honorable, but trying position of Secretary of State by President Pierce, his great capacity and political foresight gained him the admiration of all parties, and when the Pierce Administration came to a close he retired from his arduous position after disposing of the many and perplexing questions which forced themselves on the attention of the country and distracted the public mind from 1852 to '56. Mr. Marcy was a native of Worcester County, Mass., and was born in 1786; he was, consequently, in the seventy-second year of his age at the time of his demise. During the late war with England he served with distinction on the frontier. In 1816 he was appointed Recorder of the city of Troy—this was his first political office. In January, 1833, he was elected Governor of this State, to which position he was twice re-elected. In the death of this eminent and truly practical statesman the country sustains a decided loss; he belonged to a school, the members of which are rapidly passing away, and the absence of which is much to be deplored.

The Fugitive Walker.—The apothegm of Bentley that an author is written down by himself and not by his opponents seems to apply to the fillibuster Walker, who, if not an author of books, can claim fair repute as an author of blunders. When he came to this city public opinion was between the ebb and flow, neither running strongly for, nor against, him. He took to writing and speechifying, and in the space of a week found it necessary to relinquish both, to drop the curtain, and to run for his life-sake to another latitude.

Griffin's Works.—We have received Nos. 13, 14 and 15 of the works of Gerald Griffin. The present numbers comprise the *Duke of Monmouth*, a historical tale of the 17th century, and one in which Griffin has displayed much ability as well as an intimate knowledge of the politics and the personages who existed in the troublesome period which marked the accession of James the Second to the throne of Great Britain. We are happy to be informed that the works of this celebrated Irish writer are meeting a sale commensurate with their great worth.

MORALITY, DANGER, &C., OF BALLS AND EXCURSIONS.

[A Rev. correspondent sends us the following article for insertion, and as it treats of a subject, or subjects, well worthy of serious reflection, we publish it willingly. Of course we are not obliged to adopt or disapprove the opinions expressed in it:]

An illustrious author, Cardinal Gousset, endorses the following instruction of the Bishop of Toulon, on these too popular amusements, which I translate from that valuable and learned work, *Instructions Sur Le Rituel*. Its perusal, it is hoped, may prove serviceable, at the present time, to youth, and, perhaps, change the opinions of, at least, some of the advocates of exhibitions in which excitements and dancing form the most prominent feature:

"Dancing is not of its own nature criminal or illicit; but since it rarely happens that it does not become sinful on account of the circumstances with which it is, almost always, accompanied, it is the part of Christian prudence to avoid it. In reference to balls, St. Charles Borromeo, in the Third Council of Milan, says: *We are too well convinced by melancholy and constant experience that, in an age so corrupt as the present, assemblies of balls, dances and such like amusements, are the unfortunate causes of numerous sins, and these the greatest and most enormous; because thoughts the most indecent, accompanied by unchaste words and actions, are their almost inevitable consequences, and through them the morals of Christians become corrupted, containing, as they almost invariably do, a pernicious and fatal union of all that is calculated to draw persons to carnal pleasures and into every species of sensuality.*

"It is, indeed, impossible to justify these assemblies, or to believe them innocent, condemned as they are by the spirit of God: *Use not much the company of her that is a dancer, and hearken not to her; lest thou perish by the force of her charms,* [*Eccl.* 9, 4,] and which the Holy Fathers have regarded as exhibitions of the vanities of the world; as plays, says St. Chrysostom, at which the devil most rejoices; *his tripudiis diabolus saltat.* It is of such dances that St. Ambrose speaks, when he affirms that, dancing is the companion of voluptuousness and lewdness.

"We cannot wonder that the Holy Fathers have spoken so strongly against these amusements, since the circumstances of the times, of the persons, of the different sexes, of the music, &c., render them nearly always criminal. These assemblies are held and frequented only for sensual pleasure. They are composed of vain persons who are full of the spirit of the world, whose company and intercourse cannot be otherwise than very pernicious. At these balls men and women appear dressed in such a manner, as to attract and inspire mutual passion; familiarities are then permitted which are too well calculated to make an impression on the heart. The gestures and affected airs of the dancers, whose aim it is to please, cannot fail to enkindle the flame of concupiscence. The harmony of musical instruments, the strains of melody softening the heart and rendering it susceptible of impressions the most lively and tender; all conspire to render the observance of the precept of the Holy Spirit, as it were, impossible: *Gaze not upon a maiden lest her beauty be a stumbling block to thee.——Turn away thy face from a woman dressed up; and gaze not upon another's beauty: for many have perished by the beauty of a woman; and hereby lust is enkindled as a fire.—Eccl.* 9,—5, 8, 9.

"No language can be stronger in condemnation of balls than that which Oregin makes use of when he says: *At one time the devil assails men by the sight of women, at another by their discourse, again by their contact; in the danse, he assails them by all these means at the same time; for it is there, they* [women] *exhibit themselves in all their attractions of gay attire, winning smiles, charming address, and lascivious caresses, there the devil makes his most violent assault and conquers.*"

If it demanded not too much space, there could be here quoted the authority of various Councils of the Church against dances. There may be, at another time, portions cited from the Councils of Trent, Rheims, Tours, Milan, Bordeux, Aquleia, Toledo, &c. In these we see what were the teachings of the most eminent divines touching ordinary dancing assemblies; but availing of modern science, multitudes, especially in our large cities, adopt an evil which has been growing into mischief of gigantic proportions. What would the sacred writers, who have warned against dancers, said if they had witnessed Excursions! What terms of surprise and horror would a St. Charles, or a St. Chrysostom have depicted the scenes so frequent, unfortunately, in our times, had they beheld the Excursion Steamer—this mammoth floating hotel, with its gilded bar-rooms, its broad decks, so many vast capacious dancing saloons, its pleasure-seeking, giddy multitudes of all ages, and of all varieties of class and character, exhibiting as it does a spectacle which harmonizes with Paganism, and for which history fails to give a parallel, except it be that of the orgies of Argos, or the amorous rites of the Paphian goddess.

Apart from the bad moral effects of these modern amusements, the dangers to life and limb should still increase our objections to them. It is to the sad accidents and fearful disasters which have occurred within the last few years, at excursions, may, in part, be attributed the decrease of patronage and popularity which have attended them. This decline of their popularity may perhaps be still more owing to force of conscience. Parents and others, no doubt, discovered that the morals of youth could hardly fail to suffer from bad examples and liberties unavoidable as well on the steamers as in the groves and woods frequented on these occasions. Sacerdos.

Our government has been informed by Lord Napier, the British representative at Washington, that the report of one of the Islands near Panama being ceded to England was without foundation. The Macintosh claim has been amicably adjusted.

ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL.

On Thursday last we had the pleasure of attending an examination of pupils in the female department of this school, and we can say without exaggeration that it was most creditable to all concerned, especially to the good Sisters. There were about five hundred children in attendance, nearly all in white dresses and otherwise neatly arrayed for the occasion. The examination was conducted by the pastor, Rev. Thos. Farrell, assisted by the Rev. Eugene Maguire and five other clergymen. Many influential laymen of the parish who were instrumental in assisting the former pastor, Very Rev. Mr. McCarron, in erecting the building, were present by invitation. The singing of the children was delightful, and the accompaniment on the piano by the little Miss Devlin displayed an extraordinary degree of talent. We learn that the instrument used was furnished for the occasion by Mr. Lynch of Broadway. The male department, under charge of the Christian Brothers, is attended by nearly five hundred boys. We are informed two public schools in the Ninth Ward have been closed within a few weeks, having been almost abandoned by the children.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Notice to Subscribers. — Subscribers who may receive bills will please attend to them immediately, as our terms are payment in advance.

We intend making the Tablet a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

Business Notice.—Wanted—A number of men, in the different States of the Union, to act as Agents for the Tablet, and for the sale of books. None but persons who can be well recommended need apply.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

We desire to warn persons wishing to subscribe to the Tablet against a class of Agents who take upon themselves the questionable power of signing the names of its Publishers to receipts, and escape the crime of forgery, by adding their own initials.

The Publishers of the Tablet have not authorized any one to receive money for them unless those who can show a paper confirming that authority, or whose names appear among the list of Agents.

Mr. James McAlevy is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the Tablet in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and in all the neighboring towns he may visit.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Wholesale Agency in Boston.

The Tablet can be had at the Bookstore of Mr. Wm. Hickey, 128 Federal street, at New York prices. Canvassers and News Agents supplied.

Travelling Agents.

Mr. John Mangin will visit Plattsburg Keeseville, and adjacent towns on Lake Champlain, this and following weeks. He has a good assortment of Catholic Books for sale, and is authorized to collect all debts due the *Celt*, and to receive subscriptions for the New York Tablet.

John J. Holland is authorized to canvass for new subscribers and collect all debts due the Tablet in all the towns throughout the Eastern States. He keeps on hand a good stock of Catholic publications.

T. F. Lee is authorized to collect subscriptions for the New York Tablet in the Abingtons, Bridgewaters, Randolph, Stoughton, or in any towns through which he may travel.

The Tablet in Brooklyn.

The Tablet can be had of John Dooner, 42 Hudson Avenue. He has also the Works of Gerald Griffin for sale.

Lawrence, Mass.—Mr. D. Sullivan & Co. are our Agents for Lawrence. Our subscribers will find the Tablet at their store.

We feel under many obligations to our late Agent, Mr. Dike, for the interest he has taken in the Tablet since its start.

Troy, N. Y.—Mr. Francis Roarke, 131 Fifth street, is our Agent for Troy.

Mr. Roarke is an active and enterprizing young man, and we trust the Catholics of Troy will encourage him. He has an excellent stock of Catholic Books on hand, and he can supply any work published in the United States to order. Any work advertised in our columns may be had of him, at the price marked.

Literature.

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW. *New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother.*

However persons may differ with Dr. Brownson's views on what may be termed the Catholic Question in the United States, they cannot deny to him the possession of transcendant ability as a controversialist, and it is a source of regret to us that his *Review* is so exclusively confined to those whose religious belief is in accordance with his own. Even his native, or as he prefers to call it, his Anglo-Saxon origin, his perfect acquaintance with American institutions, habits, and modes of thought, and his notoriety as a champion of several sects before the happy period of his conversion, have not been effective in securing him a hearing commmensurate with his deserts; and American prejudice, which proscribes Catholics from places of honor and emolument, with consistent intolerance shuts its ears against his appeals and remonstrances. If anything were capable of shaking Dr. Brownson's faith in the average American character, it would be his own experience; and if anything were wanting to convince us that he is earnest in his praise of that character, it is the fact that he ignores his personal experience in expressing his opinions of it.

The number of his *Review* before us contains three articles well worthy of general notice. The first, or "Christianity and the Church Identical," contains this excellent passage in refutation of a writer in the *Universalist Quarterly Review* of Boston, who concedes that a mediating power is necessary between the individual and the State, but denies that the Catholic Church is that power:

"We understand him now to concede that ideas are not powers, and to deny that religion without the Church, or unorganized, is only an idea. 'If it be true,' he says, in a passage already cited, 'that religion without a Church be necessarily only an idea—and we think we apprehend Mr. Brownson's use of the term idea—then we must admit that the third and authoritative element in society must be an organization, a Church,' and 'we are prepared in view of certain considerations not now under discussion, to go further than our author asks us to go, and admit the Catholic Church to be the power that may rightfully adjudicate upon the claims in dispute between the State and the individual.' The author knows that we used the word *organization* in our article only in the sense of *organism*. His concession is, then, we take it, if religion without the Church is only an idea, if to answer the purpose it must be an organism, it must be religion as the Catholic Church. This concedes all we contend for, except a single point, and leaves no dispute as to which is the organism or Church, if any, is necessary. This point is, that religion without the Church is only an idea. In proof that it is only an idea, we allege the fact, that whatever in God's universe exists at all, exists as an organism, and cannot otherwise be conceived of as a real existence. This is conceded as to vegetables, animals, and human beings, and physicists have proved it to be true of minerals, and thus exploded the old notion of brute matter as well as the *materia prima* of the Peripatetics. What we call matter does not consist of brute atoms as the old Atomists contended, but of active elements, which Aristotle named *entelecheia*, and which Leibnitz calls *monads*. Everything in it that actually exists, exists as an active force, or *vis activa*, and has in itself its own centre and principle of action. Whatever lacks this internal principle, which, as we ascend in the scale of creation, is called life or the principle of vitality, or is incapable of acting from within outwards, is no real, no substantive existence, and is at best only an idea. Every real existence then exists as an organism, for an organism is characterized by the fact that it has in itself a principle of life or activity, and lives or acts from its own centre.

"Now the question whether Christianity be an organism or not, is simply the question whether it really exists or not, that is, whether it is actual or only ideal existence. If not an organism, it is not an actual existence, and if not an actual existence, it can in the nature of the case, by the force of the terms themselves, be only an idea, or an ideal existence. Now here is a question which the Reviewer has not duly considered. The question is this, Is Christianity or is it not an actually existing order of life, a real creation, as real a creation in the supernatural order as the natural creation is in the natural order? If not, it has no distinct existence, and is identical either with God or with nature. There is, then, no distinctively Christian religion, no Christian *vis activa;* and what we call the Christian religion is either a human conviction or an idea in the Divine mind, at least, if it be not a pure fiction. It is at best only a possible, not an actual religion. Precisely what we said when we said it was only an idea. Possible or ideal things may, but do not exist. To exist they must be concreted, for nothing exists in the abstract, or as an abstraction, and to be concrete or to be concreted, is to be an organism. There is no escape from this conclusion. Either Christianity is no actual existence, or it is an organism; and if an organism, then, as the Reviewer concedes, the Catholic Church, that sublime and mysterious existence, that life of unity in variety, which we presented to the meditation of our Universalist friend in our former reply."

The article on "Present Catholic Dangers" is addressed to the conductors of the Dublin *Review* and *The Rambler*, but its general tone is suggested by the relations at present existing between converts and others in this country. We append a few detached passages which show the spirit in which it was written:

"We see not wherein our merit is less than that of those who have had only to persevere in the way they were trained to go, or what greater right they have to boast over us than we have to boast over them. Neither of us, indeed, have any right to boast; for in both cases the glory is due solely to Him who became man and died on the cross, that he might redeem us, purify us, and elevate us to union with God. We do not believe that it ever occurs to converts to place themselves in their own estimation above old Catholics. We look upon ourselves rather as the prodigal who has returned to his father's house, and has been unexpectedly and undeservedly received as a son. We are aware of the superiority of those who have welcomed us among them, and readily acknowledge it, in all that which can come only from long training and familiar habit. They are, as it were, native born citizens; we are only aliens recently naturalized, and we are far more likely to feel our inferiority, than to claim superiority, in Catholic things, to those who are to 'the manner born.'"

* * * * * * *

"He (the convert) cheerfully takes the old faith, submits unreservedly to the old Church, but in what is not repugnant to faith or morals he sees not why he should change, or cease to be a man of his own times or of his own country. He is, unless of a very philosophic turn of mind, even offended by the old Catholic's unnecessary and in his view unreasonable attachment to the past, which was no better than the present, if indeed so good, to old methods, to old usages, no longer in harmony with the living thought of the age or country, and feels a vocation to emancipate his Catholic brethren from a bondage the Church does not impose, and which seems to him to crush out their manhood, and deprive them of all ability to serve effectively their Church in the presence of non-Catholics."

* * * * * * *

"Nevertheless, we agree this far with *The Rambler*, with many of our fellow-converts, and a much larger number not converts, but Catholics from infancy, that the English speaking Catholic world, to say nothing of Catholics who speak other tongues, are too timid and servile in their spirit, too narrow and hidebound in their views, too tame and feeble in asserting the truth, beauty, and majesty of their Church; that a freer, more manly, and energetic spirit is demanded by the temper and wants of our times; and that to act favorably on the modern world we should take more pains to place ourselves in closer relation with its intellect, and accept with more frankness and cordiality its historical, scientifical, and philosophical labors in so far as they have obtained solid and durable results."

* * * * * * *

"We think it undeniable that Protestants in the United Kingdom and in the United States, have a more thorough, a more comprehensive, and a more finished education than Catholics generally have in the same countries."

The third and last article which our space permits us to notice is that on "Public Instruction," or, in other words, our Catholic Colleges. Its great fault is its vagueness, its balancing of terms—just what the *Review* condemns in another place. Still there are some sentences in it which convey a positive meaning. Here are a few:

"The proportion of those who persevere to obtain a degree, is out of all comparison to the number in the catalogue; youths just on the eve of manhood are subjected to a disciplinary surveillance that would be excessive in any country, and is perfectly intolerable in this; an undue prestige and superiority attaches to the course, which includes the 'queen of sciences,' and the education which is intended to fit youth for intelligent advancement in the sober walks of secular life becomes a matter of secondary and subordinate consideration.

"The significant consequence has been that, whilst almost every theological student has, by the confidence acquired in previous training, attained an honorable place in the American Church, in its broadest and widest sense, it is rare to find an individual, eminent in the many walks of intellectual occupation, which net-like diversifies social life, who rejoices to trace back the position to which he may have attained, to the fostering care of Alma Mater.

"The time has come when the wants of secular education are beginning to be widely and deeply felt, and when it seems to us that our Catholic community is in a condition to make a respectable provision for meeting them. The necessity of a numerous and well-educated clergy no Catholic doubts or can doubt, but the clergy cannot, in a country like ours, meet all the wants of secular society. We need also a class, and a large class of educated seculars, who can be auxiliaries of the clergy, and give tone and respectability, a position and moral weight, to our body in this non-Catholic world. For this we need colleges devoted primarily to secular studies, to the rearing and training of a generation of scholars that can more than match, in all the branches of a liberal education, the best scholars educated in the country. That our colleges now fail in this, few, we apprehend, are prepared to deny, and we have contended that one great reason of this failure is owing to the continuation, in the same institution, under nearly the same regimen and discipline, of the college, the preparatory school, and the theological seminary. As preparatory schools, many of our colleges are admirable, and leave little or nothing to be desired, and some of them are equally admirable as seminaries; but none of them come up to the proper conception of a college, and give that liberal training, that manly development, and that profound and various learning which the wants of our Catholic community require."

THE RAMBLER for June. We have spoken heretofore of the various claims a publication like this, holding the middle place between a Quarterly and Monthly in tone and matter has on Catholic support, and we need only reiterate our expressions. The present number is filled with fresh and forcible writing—just such as one likes to read when he wishes to add to the pleasures of thought, the enjoyment of imagination.

THE NEWBURG LIBRARY MAGAZINE, conducted by the members of the Newburg Library Association, is very creditable to them, and we hope it will obtain proper encouragement. The number at hand evinces great taste in the original matter and selections.

THE SINGLE HEART.

"Vainly hearts with hearts are twined,
For the deepest still is single."
Aubrey De Vere.

"How happy are those who consecrate to God alone that profound sentiment of love, of which the inhabitants of the world are not worthy!"—*Madame De Staël.*

They wondered at my freedom, and they thought
my heart was cold;
I trembled at the wealth of love within its inmost
fold:
I could not pour this treasure forth upon a form
of clay;
I would not love—with such a love—what Death
might take away.

The world looks on with pity, deeming such a
lot unblest,
Oh! that its brightness and its peace upon my
lyre might rest!
Yet fingers so unskilled may bring but discord
from my strings,
And words are poor to picture forth the happy
heart that sings.

Aye, blest—to find the draught still pure from
Hope's untroubled spring,
When soaring from the grasp of care, with calm,
unruffled wing,
And in the power—when waves are wild, when
skies are dark above,—
To ope' the windows of the heart to every
weary dove.

'Tis sweet in youth's unclouded morn to dream
of eathly bliss,
But is there for the deathless thought no higher
goal than this?
We rear a smiling Paradise—we wander through
its bowers,
Forgetful that this Eden fair can never more be
ours!

Ah, when I dreamed amid its blooms, there ever
came a shade—
A sigh, upon the perfumed air, to tell me they
must fade;
And in the festal songs I heard—an undertone
of fear
Still whispered to my yearning heart—"thy
dwelling is not here."

Here, where the thistle and the thorn are springing in our path,
And flowers the fairest wither in the storms relentless wrath,
And while the strong sustain the weak upon the
toilsome way,
The brave may go alone upon this journey of a
day.

Ah, Time—thou swiftest river!—sweeping past
me while I sing,
Those dreams are but the shining foam thy restless surges bring,
While brighter than the fairest hues that tint
the evening sky—
Hope sees *beyond*, the flowers of joy that nevermore shall die.

L.

FASHION.—A man may appear extremely Parisian in London, and yet look like the most confounded cockney in Paris.

COMMENCEMENT AT SETON HALL.

MADISON, Morris Co., June 24, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

SIR:—An hour's jaunt on the Morris Railroad brought us from Newark to the pleasant little village of Madison, through a country rich in vegetation and beautiful in foliage, wearing all the vivid and luxuriant tints of the "leafy month of June." From the cars we walked nearly a mile along a quiet and comparatively unfrequented road, which the searching rays of a noonday sun compelled us to abandon for the spacious wood that lined the thoroughfare on either side, serving to prompt a sympathy with Byron, that

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," &c.

We soon recognized the "stars and stripes floating proudly to the breeze" from the top of SETON HALL, the place of our destination—a neat three-story frame edifice, recently purchased by Bishop Bayley, including fifty acres of ground, a portion of which is already in an advanced state of cultivation.

The first Annual Commencement of this institution, (which is named, I understand, in honor of the late Mother Seton, of Maryland, a convert to "the faith," and foundress of the order of Sisters of Charity in this country, and an aunt of Bishop Bayley,) took place to-day, and has naturally drawn together quite a number of its friends. The exercises took place on the lawn in the rear of the building, where an appropriate stage was erected, with rows of benches in front, beneath a large canvass awning attached to the majestic trees surrounding it: truly a considerate and acceptable plan—for Seton Hall was incapable of *seating all* the assemblage. Among those on the platform were Bishop Bayley, Very Rev. P. Moran, of Newark, Rev. Messrs. Mackin, of Trenton, Quin and O'Callaghan, of New York.

The exercises of the students commenced with an Ode by James Fitzpatrick, followed by a French Oration on "France and America," by Charles Theriott, and closed with an English Oration on "Godfrey de Boullion," by Thomas McArthur—each production evincing much cultivation. After some happy remarks from the President, Rev. Mr. McQuaid, bearing upon the establishment and objects of the institution, during which he declared their intention to turn out Christian, American young men, &c., a large number of premiums, in the shape of books, were distributed among the students, who distinguished themselves during the year in the various branches, as well as for good conduct and application. Among the more fortunate may be mentioned the names of James Kiernan, of Newark, (who carried off several first prizes,) Leon Thebaud, Cornelius F. O'Callaghan, John Devlin, Thos. and Chas. McArthur, of New York, and Earnest Rayhill, of Yucatan. The exercises were interspersed with delightful music by Rubsam's Brass Band of Newark.

Bishop Bayley then rose and addressed the audience for about twenty minutes, in a practical and humorous vein. It was hardly necessary, he said, to say that he looked forward to this day with some anxiety—not on account of the exercises, which he knew would be creditable, but it was the close of the academic year, which was always a critical one, and afforded a chance of determining whether such an institution was needed, and with such resources. The year just closed, though but an experimental one, had been successful even beyond expectation, and he had well-grounded hopes for the future. They were no friends to ignorance. Catholics had much to suffer from ignorance on account of calumny and misrepresentation in regard to their religion. The Bishop then referred to the generally settled system of public schools. He preferred the system established by experience—the Christian system—a good and sufficient one. The greatest difficulty was in society around them; sometimes in the family, and even in the school. Children were petted too much. Strict *discipline* was needed; without which, it was impossible to make good schools.

This closed the exercises, when the President invited the visitors to partake of refreshments in an adjoining building—which, it is scarcely necessary to add, was promptly, and no less gratefully, accepted.

This being the first occasion of the kind among the Roman Catholics in this State, it of course marks an era in the history of that denomination; and the success of the enterprise thus far, has afforded much encouragement to its friends. Yours, &c.,

J. C. D.

LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

CAPTURE OF THE EARL OF DESMOND BY TEAGUE O'CONNOR, A. D. 1466.

The hill of Carbury, situate in the ancient territory of Meath, is one of the most interesting localities in that part of Ireland. Rising abruptly from the midst of a vast plain, it commands a view of an immense tract of country, embracing several counties, while the hill itself, with the ancient castle which rests upon its northeastern side, forms a prominent and most picturesque feature in the landscape, and, owing to the level character of the country, is seen from a very great distance. Carbury Castle is one of the finest medieval ruins remaining in Ireland. "The elevation, the total want of surrounding wood, and the tall, graceful chimneys and gables of the modern or Elizabethan portion of this edifice, give it an air at once tasteful and commanding."* But the greater portion of the building dates from a period long anterior to the reign of Elizabeth, as the remains plainly testify. It was first erected by the De Birminghams, very soon after the English invasion in the twelfth century, and was for many ages the principal stronghold of the Norman-English in that part of the island. Many important events connected with the local history of Meath took place either in or near Carbury Castle, so that the shadows of the past loom darkly and heavily over its mouldering walls. In its immediate neighborhood are some Pagan remains of considerable extent and of rare interest to the antiquarian, carrying the mind back into the night of time, far, far beyond the dawn of Christianity. By a close investigation of the ruins (which appear at a cursory glance, a regular Elizabethan pile), it is clearly discernible that Carbury Hill was the seat of a fortalice from the earliest times, and that even the Norman baron De Birmingham did but rebuild or remodel some more ancient stronghold belonging to the native chiefs.

Following the history of the Castle down the stream of time we find many stirring scenes of which it was the theatre. Many of these are unhappily illustrative of the fell spirit of discord which kept the Irish princes and nobles in a continual state of warfare amongst themselves, even after the English were in possession of a portion of the island.

In the year 1466, Thomas, eighth Earl of Desmond, was Lord Deputy of Ireland, having been appointed to that office by Edward IV. in consideration of certain services rendered by him to that monarch during the wars of the Roses. Marching in his official capacity to quell an insurrection of the clans of Meath, he was defeated and taken prisoner, and it might have gone hard with him were it not for the influence of Teague O'Connor, one of the principal leaders of the Irish troops. It is true that all the native Irish had a strong sympathy with the Geraldine, as the representative of a princely Norman house which had ever identified itself with the national party, and whose sturdy spirit of independence had never bowed to the English yoke. But this present Earl was an exception. He had spent some of his best years fighting for the English monarch, and now appeared in arms against the Irish chieftains as the deputy of the English government. Still there were but few amongst the chiefs who desired to see the great Earl slain, and they were deliberating what they should do with him, when Teague O'Connor advanced, and laying his hand on Desmond's arm, exclaimed:

"I claim the keeping of the Geraldine. Leave him to me, with those of his followers whom we have taken, and I will answer for their forthcoming."

This proposal was well received by the assembled chiefs, the few who might have opposed it being reduced to silence by the overwhelming majority against them. So Teage O'Connor conducted Desmond to Carbury Castle with some young noblemen of his train who were also taken prisoners. O'Connor would not allow his captives to be guarded, but placing the Earl by his side, he remarked as they rode along together: "It were shame for a Geraldine to be treated as a prisoner on Irish ground—the very stones beneath our feet would cry out against it—ah! Thomas Fitz-James,* why, why wilt thou herd with our enemies—and they *are* thine as well as mine,—serve them as thou wilt, they will never trust thee—never, Desmond, never, and that thou mayst some day find to thy cost!"

The Geraldine smoothed his haughty brow, and the sullen look of discontent and chagrin banished from his face as he replied:

"By mine earldom, Teage O'Connor, but it well becomes thee to advise one whom the fate of war hath thrown into thy hands—bethink thee that we were mortal foes but a short hour since!"

"I deny it, Thomas, I deny it!" cried O'Conner, "we were never foes. I tell thee Desmond, thou hast more foes amongst thine English fellows than amongst 'the Irish enemy,' as they are wont to call us. Thinkest thou that we could not have slain thee erewhile, when we took thee prisoner, but thou seest we harmed not a hair of thy head. Though the Sassenach now call thee friend, we still hope to see thee in thy rightful place amongst us."

"Ay! talk is cheap, O'Connor, the thing is easier said than done," cried the Earl, his fine countenance now lit up by a radiant smile; "my head is in the lion's mouth, I must get it out as best I can,—the noble animal" he added with a gay laugh, "is not safe to quarrel with at the present time. But enough of that, Teage, for the lion aforesaid hath huge long ears of his own—how long thinkest thou I am to remain in yonder fortress—by my faith! it is a stately building too, that same Castle of the Berminghams!"

"Only just as long as thou shalt choose to tarry with us," returned O'Connor, "we are fosterers, Thomas Fitz-James—thinkest thou I took theo hither for any hostile purpose?"

The Earl turned full round in his saddle and fixed his eagle eye on the O'Connor, who met his glance with a beaming smile. An instant was sufficient to solve the Earl's doubts. Clasping each other's hand, the two were silent for a moment, and then Desmond spoke his thanks in a voice quivering with emotion.

"It shall go hard with me, Teage," he added, "if I ever again stand in arms against thee. So help me God and our dear Lady, I shall only forget this act of thine when my heart has ceased to beat."

"Wouldst thou know, Desmond, the secret cause that impels me to set thee free," said O'Connor, "over and above the tie of fosterage? I know not if thou hast ever heard that some ten years since, when I was little more than a beardless boy, my father and myself were both pursued by a party of English commanded by Fitz-Eustace, a noble knight. We were sorely pressed by the red Sassenachs, but I being young and light of foot could have managed to escape, but could not bear to leave my father, whom I besought to fly and leave me to arrest the progress of the enemy. This he would not do, and at last when the foe was closing on us, he commanded me, on pain of his eternal displeasure, to effect my escape. Unwillingly I did so, and my father was taken—Desmond," he added after a pause, "Fitz-Eustace soon after set my father free—I have never forgotten that, and never will, and such I mean to do in regard to thee."

They had now reached the Castle, into which the Earl and his followers were conducted, ostensibly as prisoners, but in reality to partake of the banquet prepared at O'Connor's bidding. Seated at the chieftain's right hand, the Geraldine drained the wine-cup to the glory of O'Connor and welfare of their common country, and, for the time, the English interests were forgotten. In fact, Thomas of Desmond was at heart no lover of the foreigner, and if he ruled the land under favor of the English, it was because his power made them fear to have him for an enemy. This fact was well known to his contemporaries both in and out of the Pale, and hence it was that O'Connor spoke to him as he did. And Desmond was pleased with the confidence of the noble O'Connor to whose good-will he was so much indebted, and his genial soul, overflowing with gratitude, he poured into Teage's well-pleased ear the divers plans he had in contemplation for the benefit of the country.

The banquet over, O'Connor conducted the Earl and his followers through the precincts of the fortress, and standing without the gates, on the brow of Carbury Hill, he bade them a kind "God speed," and watched with a glowing cheek the banner of Fitzgerald unfurled to the breeze, and the gallant followers of the Earl, the mail-clad warriors of Desmond, as setting lance in rest, they all reined in their stately chargers for a parting salute.

And ever as he watched the glittering cortege wending its way across the level country, O'Connor thought with proud anticipation, of the day when Thomas Fitz-James should take his place again in the ranks of the native Irish, for, even then it might be said:

"True Geraldines, brave Geraldines, as torrents mould the earth,
You channel'd deep old Ireland's heart by constancy and worth:
* * * * *
And ever sure while one is left of all that honored race,
In front of Ireland's chivalry is that Fitzgerald's place."

How far O'Connor's calculations were justified with regard to Thomas Fitz-James will be shown in a future sketch.

CARBURY CASTLE BURNED BY RED HUGH O'DONNEL, A.D. 1475.

Just nine years after the temporary imprisonment of the Earl of Desmond within its walls, Castle Carbury was burned and destroyed by Hugh Roe O'Donnel, chief of the territory of Tirconnell, who, in revenge for the death of his father, Niall Garb, ravaged the English territory of the Pale, and made its stoutest hearts to tremble. Setting out with a strong force from Donegal Castle, he went out of his way to visit his friend the O'Reilly in his country of Breffny, where he succeeded in making peace between O'Reilly and O'Rourke, who were then at war with each other. Pursuing his victorious career and being joined by Maguire, O'Rourke, and the chiefs of North Connaught, he marched on into the English territory, and swept like a thunderbolt over its fertile plains, beating down all opposition, and dismantling the fortresses wherever he went. Having conquered all before him in the country now called Meath, he came at length to Castle Carbury where he found a strong garrison, and was met with determined opposition. But Hugh Roe was not to be turned from his purpose by any demonstration of strength within the fortress, on the contrary it served but to increase that fiery energy for which he was remarkable, and he swore a solemn oath that "Carbury of the English" should fall, and he kept his word.

"The place is strong," said he to some of his officers who would have dissuaded him from the rash attempt, "but we have taken as strong ere now. They are nests of vermin, these Castles of the Pale, and, by my right arm, I will not pass one of them without smoking out the treacherous inmates. Men of Tirconnell, yonder is your foe."

The fiery clansmen of Tirconnell rent the air with their well-known war-cry "O'Donnell aboo," as they rushed with their battle-axes against the gates. Their assault was irresistible; that portion of the garrison stationed within the hall fell back in confusion as the massive doors gave way, and in dashed the fierce Clan-Connel dealing death to all who ventured to oppose their progress. The garrison speedily surrendered, and the Castle was "burned and demolished," in the words of the ancient chronicles, and then Red Hugh scornfully asked those who would have advised him against the attack whether Carbury Castle had given them as much trouble as they expected.

"The Kinel-Connel," said he, "are wont to make short work of these Saxon strongholds—they are fond of bonfires, and think they cannot have better fuel for them than the dens of these robber Sassenachs. This Carbury of theirs was a place of strength, but it will cost them some time and more trouble ere they fortify it again."

But Carbury Castle was never again used as a fortress. The walls were so completely dismantled that none ever after undertook to restore its former strength. Time completed the work of the Kinel-Connel, and has made the Norman fortress a pile of ruins, stately and grand, but lone and desolate.

— In our next, ST. COLUMBANUS AT THE COURT OF BURGUNDY, and ST. COLUMBANUS AND QUEEN BURNEHAUT.

BACKING DOWN IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Incredible as it may appear, the belief is entertained that the reign of fanaticism in Massachusetts is drawing to a certain and rapid close. The *Journal of Commerce* says: "From what we hear, there is an extensive backing down in the Old Bay State from what a year ago was considered the only true position. We were not expecting Massachusetts just yet, but, when honest men find they have been purposely duped and humbugged for political effect, they are very apt to remember it."

BOSSUET.

"Bossuet," says La Bruyere, "overwhelms us by the number and greatness of his talents. Orator, historian, theologian, and philosopher; singularly eloquent as a preacher, as a writer, and in familiar discourse; a defender of religion; a light of the Church. Let us speak by anticipation in the language of posterity, and call him a father of the Church." The mind of Bossuet—the solid ideas which fill his writings—originated in two great writers to whom the Prelate gave his life, Thomas Aquinas and St. Augustine. From this twofold mine the great man extracted his intellectual opulence, and the value of the mine may be learned from the halo that still glows rounds his memory.

Bossuet's superiority to his great rivals of the French pulpit arises not alone from the vigor of his genius, but the nature of his subject. His subjects are principally dogmatic. He dwells on the mysteries of faith—not the precepts of morality. Hence his superiority. Moral teaching, unsanctioned and unenforced by law, is of little value. For if the hearer be free to neglect or follow the advice, religious instruction sinks to the level of moral philosophy. It is not rules that are wanted, but doctrines enforcing obedience; the origin and sanctions of morality, the existence of another sphere, where vice is punished and virtue rewarded. At least much more is necessary from the pulpit than the parade of arguments which worldlings have already perused with little profit in profane authors, which convince their reason, but never repress their passions. It is almost useless for the preacher to dwell on those temporal penalties of sin which, strongly asserted but feebly demonstrated, produce a frame of mind that believes while passion is asleep, but turns into incredulity when the syren awakes in all her fascinations. It is hardly worth while to tell wordlings from the pulpit what sin itself has already told them—namely, that the violation of the moral law is followed by punishment in this world. Far better it is to compel the reason to listen to the evidences of faith, and by developing the mysteries and elucidating the dogma, to overwhelm the listening mind with trouble and astonishment. At least this seems to have been the purpose of Bossuet; the mysteries and the miracles of Christianity seem to blaze in every page.

The grandeur of his mind is so imposing that we do not discern the sensibility of the soul of Bossuet. Nevertheless, that sensibility is extreme; all his pictures of Christ betray the sensitive heart of the preacher. We detect in every word the depth and tenderness of his affection. As Bossuet contemplates the Man-God sacrificing Himself for our salvation, he kisses His footprints—devours His words, and participates in His sufferings. More tenderness could scarcely be exhibited by John, the well-beloved Disciple. When the Mystery of the Crucifixion floats before his eyes—when he must describe the passion, he shudders and shrinks back because the harrowing spectacle overpowers his bleeding heart.

The most attractive feature in the *Discours* is not their grandeur, and assuredly they are grand; but the tender expressions of admiration and love which from time to time—escaping involuntarily from his heart—bear evidence of habitual intercourse with their objects. All the Divine personages seem to be present to his mind. In the depths of his solitude—in the lone hours of his studious retirement, the face of Mary must have beamed out with all its thoughtful beauty on the physical eye of the adoring student. He seems to have experienced the literal realization of the Saviour's words: "I live in you and you live in Me." Christ and Mary and the Saints seem to have been literally his companions during those long and lonely years in which he was buried in his books. Hence the vigor that breathes through his sketches of the Saints and the Patriarchs. He seems to describe his personal friends. Instead of appealing to authorities he speaks like a contemporary. His great pictures seize on the imagination and remain imprinted on the mind permanently, owing to the familiarity of the painter with the holy originals.

Such is the natural impression which is made by the sermons of Bossuet on the mind of a reader. There is no distinct part of his sermons appropriated exclusively to morality. He does not expatiate like a Pagan sage on morals; the light of conscience, admonished by faith, seems sufficient to guide our conduct. He rarely stoops to investigate the abysses which lurk in our corrupt hearts, or detect the evasive artifices of our self-love, or peruse the vestiges which are left by the transit of passion on the stony hearts it passes over. His maxims on conduct or thoughts on human nature drop in, as it were, accidentally, to enforce an example, not to embellish an oration. Whenever he glances at this subject—it matters not whether he paint human nature in general or the people of his day in particular—agitated rather than guided by faith, his maxims on life come casually in, and morality, elucidated by his genius, seem to rise to the dignity of mystic dogma. After all it is on theological subjects that he shines—the fulness of his heart and the force of his genius are given to the Scriptures and the Fathers, the Church and the Mysteries—hence his superiority.—*Dublin Tablet.*

GERMAN SÆNGERFEST IN RUSSIA.—A musical festival, the like of which has never been witnessed in Russia, will shortly take place at Reval. German singers to the number of several thousand are expected from Finland, Germany, and the Russian Baltic provinces.

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*The Boyne and the Blackwater, by W. R. Wilde, ch. II., p. 27.

*It was the custom among the Norman princes and nobles to designate the son by the Christian name of the father, with the prefix of *Fitz* or son, corresponding to the MAC of the Celtic tribes. This Desmond was the son of James, seventh earl of that name.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

The "Rothschild" Bill.—Christian worship of Mosaic Millions.—Meeting of influential Catholics at the Stafford Club.—Minister's Money Bill.—Defeat of Derby.—Poverty of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.—The Industrial Schools' Bill.—The Divorce Bill in the House of Lords.—Our Visitors.—The Queen at the Crystal Palace.—"God save the Queen" stolen from the French.—Douglas Jerrold's Funeral—Benevolent Projects for the benefit of his wife and family.—The "Times Correspondent" in Dublin, his native city.—Meeting of the Municipal Council in opposition to the abolition of the Lord Lieutenancy.—The Atlantic Telegraph.—Killing no murder.—Who killed Robert Holmes?

London, 19th June, 1857.

The members of the British House of Commons in parliament assembled have just given us, in their rejection of Mr. Deasey's amendment to the Oaths' bill, a sample of the spirit of religious toleration which animated their august body. It was declared by a majority of 290 that Catholics should be excluded from the benefits of the Bill, while a majority of 140 votes voted for the admission of the Jews by throwing out Sir F. Thesiger's amendment. This leaning towards the Jews may seem astonishing at first, but by studying the question a little more closely it is easy to perceive that if the majority of the honorable members hate Catholics more, they by no means hate Jews less. In fact it is an error to call this bill the "Oaths'" bill or the "Jew" bill; it should be simply called the "Rothschild" bill. The gentlemen of England who sit more or less at ease in the House have no idea whatever of letting any considerable quantity of "Old Clo" come between the wind and their nobility. But they would like to have the dear "Bawn" among them; he is so "genteel," and then there is so very little of the "Old Clo" left about him. And then again the Baron is such a useful friend, and it is such a pleasant thing to enjoy a little latitude in the way of overdrawn accounts. In short it would be a most unwarrantable thing if a man who has rendered such valuable public and private service to the State and Statesmen, should be debarred from representing the enlightened constituency who selected him. John Bull has a wonderful respect for good coin even when it comes under the appellation of "moneesh." It is a curious sight to behold the fearfully Christian representatives of a nation presuming to be *the* Christian nation, *par excellence*, bowing down before Mosaic millions.

The adjourned meeting of influential Catholics at the Stafford Club took place on the 16th for the purpose of deciding on the course to be pursued as soon as the decision of the House of Commons on Mr. Deasey's amendment became known. A very large number of Peers, members of parliament, and Catholic gentlemen, were present. A resolution, in which was expressed the hope of the meeting that Catholic members might be induced to oppose the re-enactment of the obnoxious measure, was proposed by the Hon. Charles Langdale, and ably supported in a most effective speech. The meeting was almost unanimous in adopting the resolution, not more than six hands being raised against it. Among the dissenting voices was Mr. Stephen de Vere, M.P., who endeavored to give some plausible reason for voting in favor of the Jew Bill, but who, however convincing his arguments may be for himself, did not certainly succeed in convincing anybody else. The O'Donoghue, in a speech full of good sense and forcible reasoning, sustained the resolution. Among the noblemen and gentlemen present were Lord Edward Howard, the Earl of Fingall, Lord Vaux, of Harowden, Lord Stafford, Mr. McGuire, M.P., &c. It was a most imposing gathering, and showed how delusive British institutions are when so much rank and talent in vain demand exception from insult in common with the rest of their fellow-subjects.

The struggle between Palmerston and Derby on the Minister's Money bill has resulted in favor of the former. The Irish Ecclesiastical Commissioners presented a petition, through the Earl of Wicklow, in which they declare that they are as poor as Job if not considerably poorer, and that their funds are totally inadequate for the accomplishment of the objects for which by act of Parliamennt they were originally intended. It is well known that every thing connected with the Church by law established is remarkable for a most evangelical poverty.

Several other measures have either been rejected or withdrawn. The Industrial School's Bill has been discussed and its various clauses have been so minutely dissected by the Catholic members that the Bill can scarcely be said to resemble what it originally was. The clauses which contained the very spirit of the bill have been withdrawn and will be amended. The Divorce Bill in the House of Lords has been cut and hacked, added to and taken away from. Clauses are struck out to be inserted again and only to be again struck out. It does not seem very likely that the Mormon privilege will be granted.

The Archduke Maximilian of Austria has arrived here, and shares her Majesty's hospitality with the Prince of Prussia, who is to take charge of our Princesses—for a consideration. Her Majesty, with her guests, visited the Crystal Palace, to hear the performance of Randal's "Sudas Maccabæus." *Apropos*, some of your readers may not be aware that the English national anthem, the universally known "God Save the Queen," was robbed from our lively neighbor the Gaul, whose property it is. It was written by Lulli, and sung by the young ladies of St. Cyr, in honor of Louis XIV.

Douglas Jerrold was laid in his last resting place at Norwood Cemetery, on Monday last. The literary notabilities of the metropolis attended to pay the last honors to the deceased. Dickens, Thackeray, Mayhew, and many others were present. Poor Jerrold's fame is all he has left his family, and a committee of his principal friends had been formed for the purpose of providing support for his wife and family. Charles Dickens will superintend a series of performances by an amateur company of ladies and gentlemen, and among the greatest attractions will be the appearance of Boz's daughters. The lessees of various theatres will each devote the proceeds of a representation to this benevolent object. The "*Times* Correspondent" will deliver one of his Crimean Lectures.

Mr. Russell made his first appearance as a lecturer in Dublin, on Tuesday last. He is a native of that city. Mr. Russell chose the Theatre Royal for his lecture room, and had a very respectable audience by whom he was flatteringly applauded.

A special meeting of the Municipal Council, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, took place in the City Hall on Monday, for the purpose of adopting a course of conduct with regard to the notice of motion of the eccentric member for Sheffield. Speeches were delivered by Alderman Kinahan, Dr. Gray, Mr. G. W. Maunsell, &c. It was resolved to petition Parliament to send a deputation to the Queen, and to call on the Irish representatives to rally round the little shred of royalty which is still left in Dublin.

The *Cyclops*, one of the vessels employed in the arrangements for the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, is at present off Valentia taking soundings along those portions of the line preparatory to laying down the cable. The Magnetic Telegraph Company intend placing a set of wires from Valentia to Killarney, whence additional ones will be laid along the present route to London, in order to facilitate the transmission of intelligence between the two continents. A set of wires will be laid from Valentia through Killarney to Donaghadee, following the route of the present wires across the Channel to Portpatrick, and thence to London.

You have no doubt heard ere this of the foul murder of a well known Irish Barrister, over whose imaginary decease I shed a useless tear in my last letter. We have at last found out who killed Robert Holmes. It was the *Belfast News-Letter* that killed Robert Holmes. The eminent Barrister is residing with his son-in-law, and, to quote Moliere, he, like other people, the *News-Letter* kills, is in most excellent health.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Closing of the Legislative Session of the Belgian Chamber.—The Ministerial Report.—The King's letter to the Minister of the Interior.—Enlightenment of the "Liberal" party, according to both documents.—The King's advice to the majority.—Is it a wise one?—The actual state of the Question.—Consecration of the Bishop of the Island of Bourbon.—Interesting circumstances attending the Ceremony.—Pius IX.—Publication of the documents of the Council of Trent.

Paris, 15th June, 1857.

The Legislative Session of the Belgian Chamber has been closed by a royal decree dated June 13th. The Ministry, in the Report recommending the King to have recourse to this measure for the solution of the difficulty, published in the *Moniteur*, state that in a country like Belgium, where the alleviation of misery is the object of such lively solicitude, they thought it proper to falicitate by every means the development of charity. The bill they had proposed tended to perfect the salutary action of official benevolence by the aid of private charity, regulated and controlled. That system, conformable to the historical traditions of Belgium, in harmony with the system in force in most countries, was, they considered, perfectly adapted to the spirit of the Constitution and of the Laws. But certain persons would obstinately see in this law, whose only aim was the moral and material amelioration of the lower classes, an attack on modern ideas and institutions. It was signalized as a snare for wealthy families instead of a benefit to the poor. Through *ignorance, prejudice*, or *obstinacy* (*sic*), an opposition was raised which resulted in acts, the very remembrance of which they (the Ministers) would wish to obliterate for ever. However difficult it might be to sacrifice to *unjust* and *unmerited* attacks, a measure dictated by conscience and conviction, the Ministry understand that it is well to respect any public opinion, though it may be led astray by *passion* or by *prejudice*.

The King, after having signed the decree closing the session, compliments the ministry, in a letter addressed to the Minister of the Interior, on having acted with the greatest loyalty and the most entire good faith in the presentation of the Charitable Institutions' Bill. But his Majesty recognizes that countries which arrange their own affairs are subject to inexplicable emotions with which it is wiser to come to terms than to endeavor to reason.

"In the present circumstance," writes King Leopold, "the majority of the Chamber, whose wishes, as the majority, are and ought to be my guide, has a noble position to take—a position worthy of a great party.

"I advise them, as you propose, to let the discussion of the law cease. This generous role it is the province of the majority to adopt. By accepting it in its entirety they will give the world an exalted idea of their wisdom and patriotism. They will preserve in their ranks that well-cemented union which, for all parties, is the first fruit and the first recompense of a good and noble action performed in common."

From the tenor of the Minister's report and of King Leopold's letter, you will perceive that my estimate of the pretended liberal party was a just one. The words *passion*, *prejudice*, and *ignorance*, which are employed in both documents, show clearly the opinion that the King, as well as his Ministers, has of the Opposition. But the most serious question is, whether it is not almost a culpable weakness to give way before the vociferations of such a party? Is not the question, instead of being solved, merely adjourned and, indeed, rendered more dangerous? For it is natural to suppose that the Opposition, encouraged by the concessions of the government, will redouble its audacity. I hope that Belgium may not have to regret her giving way before such excesses and, however noble and disinterested such abnegation may be in itself, I cannot help looking upon it as a most perilous precedent. Such magnanimity is lost upon men who have been guilty of such acts as it has been my painful duty to recount; gratitude has no place in their souls. Their only feelings are low pride and selfishness, and to act mildly with them only adds to the venom of their enmity by making them feel their own weakness.

The position of the question now is exactly this: The Session is closed by Royal order; on its re-opening Ministers will move the withdrawal of the Bill, and the majority will be free to adopt or reject the motion. It is to be hoped that ere that period the portion of the Belgian people whom both the Royal letter and the Ministerial Report indirectly accuse of passion and prejudice, will have listened to the dictates of reason and of common sense.

But let us pass to a more pleasing, to a more edifying subject. In the course of the past week, the consecration of M. Maupoint, the new Bishop of Saint Denis (Island of Bourbon), took place in the Church of Saint Philippe-du-Roule. His Lordship was previously Vicar-General of the Bishop of Rennes, and that Prelate, who had so long known and appreciated his eminent qualities, wished to administer with his own hands the episcopal consecration to his faithful coadjutor. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris kindly gave the necessary authorization. Bishop Maupoint went through his theological studies at Saint Sulpice with M. Saint-Marc, now Bishop of Rennes, and M. de la Nallerie, at present Cure of Saint Philippe du Ronle. It was a touching and imposing spectacle to witness the reception of the episcopal dignity by M. Maupoint, from the hands of one old friend and in the Church confided to the care of another. The Bishop of Rennes was assisted in the performance of the ceremonies by the former Bishop of Vincennes (America), and the Bishop of Adras. Among the distinguished persons present were the Minister of Public Worship, the Bishop of Biblos, Apostolical Vicar of Cochin China, the Chief Almoner of the Fleet, Mme. de Lisle, wife of the Governor of the Island of Bourbon. The new Bishop's family were also present as well as a large number of Creoles from the Island of Bourbon. M. Maupoint said his first episcopal Mass on Friday. He will shortly set out for his new diocese, whither he will be followed by the prayers and good wishes of all who have the honor of knowing his Lordship.

The voyage of his Holiness, Pope Pius the Ninth, continues under the happiest auspices. The ceremonies for the feast of Corpus Christi have caused the Holy Father to assemble at Bologna all the Bishops of Romagna, Tuscany, and the Duchies. The King of Sardinia has sent one of his most distinguished officers to Bologna to compliment Pope Pius in his Majesty's name.

A most interesting, in fact an invaluable publication, is about to be undertaken in Rome, in the Vatican, conformably to the orders of Pope Pius. Towards the end of the year 1856 the learned Bishop Roscovani visited Rome for the purpose of scientific research. The Prefect of the Archives of the Vatican, Father Theiner, having placed at his Grace's disposition all the unpublished documents of the Council of Trent, the latter strongly advised the Prefect to have them published. Father Theiner presented a report on the subject to the Holy Father who approved the idea and appointed a committee to examine the question. The Committee reported favorably and the publication has been decided upon. The Printing office of the Vatican will be re-established for that purpose. The work will be in two parts: the first, composed of three folio volumes, will contain the complete *Diarium* of the Council of Trent, according to the original official reports; the second, also in three folio volumes, will comprise the correspondence of Apostolic Nuncios, sovereigns, bishops, and a vast quantity of other documents of the greatest interest and of the highest value.

THE PRESS ON THE TABLET.

New York Tablet.—This paper which is the successor of the *American Celt*, is now published in a new form by Sadlier & Co., of New York, and is under the editorial charge of Mr. Killian. It will doubtless be ably conducted, and as it is the intention of the proprietors to make it a first class newspaper, we have no doubt but it will meet with a very wide and liberal support.—*Chicago Times.*

The Tablet.—A new weekly newspaper, printed and published at New York by the Messrs. Sadlier, and edited by B. D. Killian, Esq. It takes the place of the *American Celt*, is edited with ability, and promises well. We wish it every success.—*Charleston Miscellany.*

The New York Tablet is the name of a new family paper published in New York by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., and conducted in its editorial department by Bernard Doran Killian. It is issued in folio form, printed on fine paper, and contains fourteen pages of reading matter. It takes the place of the *American Celt*, and we suppose it is intended to be the organ of the Irish Catholics of New York. In its pages we find original tales, articles and sketches; a carefully compiled record of Irish, British and Continental Affairs, a review of new Publications, American and Foreign, a Miscellany of Correspondence, Home News, Poetry, Anecdotes &c., and Editorials on topics of interest to the general class of readers.—*Batavia Republican.*

The New York Tablet is a new Roman Catholic weekly just established in our city by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., No. 164 William street. The facts that its politics are adverse to ours, and that it takes a very unjust view of the recent troubles at the City Hall, shall not prevent our saying that it seems to us ably conducted, as it is admirably printed; and we know no other Catholic journal that can compare with it in dignity, calmness of tone, and interesting variety.—*N. Y. Tribune, 27th ult.*

We recommend our readers, who desire a good paper, to take the New York Tablet, which has taken the place of the *Celt*. It is published by the Catholic Publishers, Messrs. Sadlier & Co., of New York, and is decidedly one of the best family journals in America.—*Lowell Advertiser.*

The first number of the New York Tablet was issued on Thursday last by Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co. It is a neat looking sheet; and from the hasty glance we are able to throw over its contents appears to promise well. We trust our new contemporary will enjoy a long existence of usefulness and prosperity.—*Truth Teller.*

We have received No. 1 of the New York Tablet, published by D. & J. Sadlier & Co. It presents a fine appearance, and in typography is a decided improvement upon the *Celt*. Mr. B. D. Killian is its editor.—*Halifax (N. S.) Sun.*

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL GOREY.—The religious ceremonial, in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, which was celebrated in the beautiful parochial church of Gorey, on Sunday, 14th of June, will not be soon forgotten by the inhabitants of the town or the thousands from the surrounding districts who were present on the occasion. It having been announced that those devotions would take place, and that the venerable prelate of the diocese of Ferns would preside, the people of the locality made arrangements to be present in large numbers. From an early hour the handsome little town of Gorey presented the most animated appearance, and as the time approached for the commencement of the ceremonies, the streets and roads leading to the church were crowded by a comfortably dressed and fine looking peasantry. The parochial church of Gorey is one of the most perfect specimens of ecclesiastical architecture of modern erection in the kingdom, and reflects in the handsomest manner on the public spirit and munificence of the parishoners of Gorey, and on the piety, zeal, and devotion of the pastor, the Rev. James Lacey. It is after a design by Pugin, and consists of a nave, side aisles, and transepts, surmounted by a massive, though still unfinished tower, not unlike that of St. Canice's Cathedral, Kilkenny. The interior aspect of the church is grand and imposing. The nave is divided from the side aisles by two rows of massive granite pillars, and the inside of the tower, which is furnished with two exceedingly well-toned bells, is left unlofted up to a great elevation, which gives the interior of the church a noble and striking appearance. The high and side altars are of solid marble, finish and beautiful design. The altar of the Virgin is of pure white Parian marble. The tabernacles of the high and second side altar are of the rarest marbles, and the altar furniture, candlesticks, and candelabra are of mediæval pattern; behind the altar a powerful organ is erected in a rich oak case made to harmonize with the interior of the sacred edifice. This instrument may truly be called powerful, as it fills well and sonorously the interior of this fine structure.

THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH.—The committee for the decoration of the Cathedral Church, Dublin, being apprised that his Grace the Archbishop signified a wish to meet them, assembled in the Presbytery. His Grace arrived shortly after, and was received with every manifestation of respect and courtesy. The Archbishop was moved to the chair, and the Rev. Canon Pope was appointed secretary to the meeting. His Grace said that his object in requesting their presence on that evening was to solicit their counsel and co-operation in determining on the most appropriate style for ornamenting the church, and collecting the funds necessary to defray the expenses. It was instantly resolved that the cupola and more prominent portions of the arched ceiling should be painted and adorned in the very highest style of Italian decorative art; that the panels should be ornamented with emblematical and religious figures, in the first rate style of fresco painting—that the mouldings and cornices be painted in the richest and most glowing colors which artistic taste will sanction; the more projecting parts to be profusely adorned with best quality of gilding; the other portions of the ceiling to be so tinted as that all may harmonize and combine in producing at once a picturesque, sublime, and reverential effect. The ordinary painting of the church was committed to the execution of Mr. George B. Star for the fresco painting, and for the more elaborate and artistic portion of the work, the services of the eminent artist, Mr. Barff, have been engaged. The expenses of the painting and decorating, with other contingent expenses, will amount to a sum considerably over £1,000, but the most sanguine expectations are entertained that the piety of the people will induce every class to make such sacrifices as will crown all anticipations with the most triumphant success. The works will be completed before the 1st of October.—*Abridged from the Dublin Freeman.*

It is proposed to commence a literary and scientific periodical, to be published half-yearly, consisting mainly of the contributions of the professors and others of the Catholic University. It is calculated that the expenses of each number, from first to last, will scarcely be less than £100. It is proposed to collect from friends and well-wishers of the University as much as will serve the purpose of carrying on the work for three years. Should it sustain itself during so considerable a period in a way adequate to the anticipations which may be fairly entertained of it, it is not unreasonable to expect that it will by that time have created sufficient interest among Catholics and Protestants to pay its way without any extraordinary effort.

DEDICATION OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, BROOKBOROUGH.—The solemn dedication of this church and consecration of the cemetery took place a few weeks since. His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. McNally arrived at the moment appointed, and having assumed the vestments prescribed by the ritual for such an occasion, proceeded to explain to the congregation the nature of the ceremony he was about to perform. The ceremony was performed mainly outside doors, and though before its close the rain poured in torrents, his lordship went through it without the least sign of haste, or dispensing with any portion prescribed by the church. At the close of the ceremony his lordship celebrated Mass, after which a sermon was preached by that distinguished divine and pulpit orator, Dr. O'Brien, founder of the Catholic Young Men's Societies, and Professor All Hallows College, Dublin. There were many Protestants present on the occasion. The church is large and capacious, affording accommodation to thousands of hearers. The altar was ornamented with the richest vases containing the choicest flowers of the season, most of which were supplied by the Protestant ladies of Brookborough.—*Fermanagh Mail.*

ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN ST. GILES.—The Roman Catholic Clergy have lately bought a piece of ground at the end of Charles street, Drury lane, which for some years past has been vacant, on which it is intended to erect a building for schools, which will be called "The Schools of Compassion." The cost of their erection, it is stated, will be upwards of £10,000.

Four Protestant children of a soldier named Jaggers were received into the Catholic Church, and baptized by the Rev. Mr. Corcoran, R.C.C., in the cathedral.—*Tuam Herald.*

Domestic.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S, EMMITTSBURG, MD.—The corner-stone of the new Church to be erected on this sacred and classic ground was placed on Tuesday, 23d June, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, formerly a Student Professor and President of that institution. The procession composed of the Students and Priests of the Seminary and College, the President, Rev. Dr. McCaffry, and a number of clergymen, advanced to the site of the new Church, which is to form one side of a square with the College buildings. There the ceremonies were performed according to the Roman Pontifical. The names of his Holiness, of the President of the United States, and the other Ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries were placed, with beads and medals, in a chamber cut in the corner-stone and hermetically sealed, under the direction of the celebrated architect, Mr. Keely, and of Mr. Taylor, the foreman of the building. After the laying of the corner-stone, the procession returned to the main college building, where a stand was prepared for the Rev. Clergy, the congregation being accommodated with benches in the area, before the principal College edifice, and the students, 180 in number, occupying the porch and stone-steps. The discourse which was preached from the 28th chap. of Genesis, was a triple exposition of the doctrinal moral, and ecclesiastical foundation of the Catholic Church. In the development of the last point, the speaker dwelt earnestly on the foundation of the spiritual perfection of the clergy, laid in the life and teaching of the Founders of Mount St. Mary's, Dubois and Brute, in whose memory there are to be two Chapels in the new Church dedicated to God, in honor of Saints Simon and Gabriel. Finally, the example of the Israelites for imitation, was proposed, when gold, silver, silk, precious stones, rings, bracelets, oil and other gifts, were offered by men and women, with devout mind for the Tabernacle, until the workmen had to complain that they were interrupted, and Moses made proclamation that they should bring no more; "because the things that were offered did suffice and were too much."—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

A CARD.—The undersigned would, with the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, D.D., pray the kind people of Baltimore to aid him to build St. Mary's of the Immaculate Conception, in Bath, Maine, Diocese of Portland. Owing to the dread of church-burners and anti-Catholic mobs, no loan can be obtained. One mob, in the most public manner, reduced the first Church to ashes; and another, in the same manner, hindered, with threats of blood, the Right Rev. Bishop Bacon from laying the corner-stone of the present one. The struggling and persecuted flock at Bath, composed of day laborers exclusively, are now nearly penniless; for shipbuilding, their chief support, is for the present suspended. Any offering, made to such a temple, in such a place, will not be unheeded by Her in whose name it is to be built—the August, the Immaculate Mother of God, Our Saviour. The home of the undersigned, whilst here, will be in Mr. O'Brien's, No. 82 E. Fayette street. Or he may be seen at the Store of Hedian & O'Brien.

PETER MCLAUGHLIN, Pastor of St. Mary's.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

Letters have been received from the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, U. S. They are dated May 10th, within one day's journey of Jerusalem. Thermometer 104°. The Right Rev. Bishop was then improved in health, and in good spirits.

Sister Celestine, Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph, died on the 7th ult., at Carondolet, Mo.

At St. Mary's Seminary, Perry County, Mo., Rt. Rev. Bishop Duggan conferred minor orders upon the following gentlemen, students of the congregation of the Mission, June 19: Herman J. Troop, Thomas Rice, Cornelius Thoma, F. X. Jacquemet, Charles Becherer, James Moore, J. Beaky, Abm. Ryan, M. P. O'Regan, J. F. Landy, Stephen Masnon, M. Rubi. On the 29th, he elevated to the sub-deaconate, Messrs. P. McMenomy, D. McCarthy, Denis Leyden, Thomas Smyth and Cornelius Thoma. The next day these gentlemen were made deacons, and on the 26th they were ordained priests. After Mass one hundred and twenty persons were confirmed. On the 24th, one hundred and eight persons received same sacrament in St. Joseph's Church, Apple Creek. The Bishop left for Fredrickton the same day.—*Sunday Leader.*

CITY NEWS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SICK AND WOUNDED.—A reporter attached to one of the morning papers paid a visit, on Wednesday of last week, to Bellevue Hospital, where he found thirty unfortunate sufferers formerly attached to Walker's Nicaraguan band laboring under divers maladies engendered by climate and bad treatment received by them while on their piratical expedition. The condition of those unfortunates he represents as deplorable in the highest degree. It was painful to behold and horrible to listen to the details of their sufferings, which they asserted were brought about by yielding to the false allurements held out by leading Fillibusters in this city and elsewhere, as well as the lying reports of victories displayed in the columns of newspapers devoted to Fillibusterism. We give the sayings and opinions of half a dozen or so of those unfortunate victims relative to Walker and to the manner in which the invasion of Nicaragua was carried out. Whatever may be thought of the statements themselves, it must at all events be admitted that those who gave them utterance were the best entitled to pass opinions. We shall therefore without further comment put on record a few of them. Walter J. Scott, 18 years of age, born in St. Johns, N.B.—"Walker is no more a general than I am. The enemy knew all his movements before his own soldiers. They were always prepared for him." Hiram Marshall, born in Western New York, 21 years of age—"I have seen the doctors take a big cane and wallop the sick men out of bed to stand guard; this was of frequent occurrence." A. O. Lindsay, 31 years of age, born in Portland, occupation a farmer—"I have seen three men stretched out on a cross and hung; Walker left his sick and wounded twice to the enemy; left wounded in a church where all were butchered." R. W. Sweeny, 20 years of age, born in Missouri—"I think Walker is a tyrant and deserves to be hanged; I would tell him so if I had a chance." Daniel Donovan, 20 years of age, born in New York—"Thinks Walker no commander at all, but a cold, iron-hearted man." N. M. Rinny, born in Tennessee—"My opinion of Walker is poor; he has treated us all badly—humbugged us. I have served twelve months, and during that time received eighty cents, a shirt, and a pair of pants." Robert A. Craig, born in Scotland—"Thinks Walker a hard customer." Carlos Allen, 26 years old, born in Missouri—"I think Walker is a hard old case—a perfect tyrant: don't care for no man's life; no general—no soldier; he is only a bull-dog." Wm. H. Porter, 18 years old, born in Texas—"Walker is a robber, murderer, and everything else that is bad." But why recapitulate the testimony of those men at any further length, when it is apparent as the sun at noon-day that the enterprise was set on foot for the double purpose of murder and robbery; certainly a cruel, selfish, and rapacious man such as Walker is truly represented, was the fittest person to be selected in carrying it out.

From Walker's dupes to Walker himself it must be conceded is neither a sudden nor inappropriate transition. New York is at length rid of that notorious individual. Not relishing the nature of his reception, and dreading the vengeance of some of his deluded followers here, he left the city on Wednesday, the 1st instant, for Charleston, from which he will proceed to Nashville. His arrival and departure were signalized by torrents of rain, which, taken in conjunction with the scarcity of followers on both occasions, had the effect of giving to the entire proceeding an air of ridicule and contempt.

RAIN.—The weather during the week, commencing Monday, the 29th June, has been extremely wet, cold and unpleasant, the early days of July resembling those which are wont to usher in November or December.

SENSIBLE.—A cattle drover, who came to this city from the far West lately for the first time, and having most likely heard stories by no means favorable to city morals, conceived the following wise method of insuring the safety of his carpet-bag: He went to a pawnbroker's office where he pledged it for a trifling amount, thereby securing its safety during his peregrinations about town. We insert this for the especial benefit of others about visiting Gotham for the first time.

THE MEAT MARKET.—There was an increase of beef cattle last market day over that of the previous week. Sales were dull, with a decline of one or two cents a pound. Prices ranged from 9 to 11 1-2 cents according to the quality offered. Large numbers of cattle are reported in the vicinity of the city, but owners hold back waiting for an advance in prices which they are by no means likely to obtain, as butchers seem determined to keep down prices.

SOLD OUT.—The long impending dispute between the Methodists of this city relative to the John street Methodist Church has been brought to a termination by the sale of that building. The Trustees of the Methodist Church in Sullivan street have likewise followed suit, and come to the conclusion of also selling out.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.—The Twenty-fifth Annual Fair of this body will open at the Crystal Palace on the 15th of September next, and will close on the 28th of October following. All goods must be sent in before the day of opening.

The arguments for letters of administration on the part of Mrs. Cunningham on the property of the late Dr. Harvey Burdell were brought to a conclusion on Thursday last. It is not probable that the Surrogate will deliver an opinion before the lapse of several weeks.

It is objected against the new Quarantine ground at Seguine's Point that it is surrounded by a marsh. If such be the case nothing can be more detrimental to the health of immigrants. This should be looked to.

ARRIAAL OF THE LEBANON.

The steamship *Lebanon* from Havre arrived at her wharf in this city on Sunday last, with four days later intelligence. From France we learn that the elections have passed without riot or bloodshed being attempted by either side. This is a happy incident, and one which we recommend to the attention of those who can see in the French population nothing but an insubordinate crowd, ever anxious for a change. In Paris the party opposed to the government have returned some of their men; Cavaignac, Carnot, and Goudchause take their places among the new lawmakers. The results of the election had not been definitely ascertained when the *Lebanon* left, but the presumption was, that the government were in a majority. The electors of France have been ascertained to amount to the astonishing number of ten millions. The bombardment of Greytown, in the year 1854, was under discussion in the British Parliament, Lord C. Hamilton putting a question to the Premier as to what steps were taken by the government to obtain compensation for British subjects residing there at the time of the bombardment, to which Lord Palmerston made the following reply, in the course of which he stated:

"That the transaction was one which must be characterized as a very violent and cruel proceeding. It was, however, authorized by the government of the United States, though whether they meant it to be carried out with such severity as took place, or whether the officer mistook his instructions, he could not say: but he was bound to state that the severity which was exercised reflected no credit on the government which ordered or on the officer who executed it. But the question which her Majesty's government had to consider was the international law which bore upon the point. Now it was an unquestionable principle of international law, that when one government deemed it right to exercise act of hostility against any part of the territory of another power, the subjects or citizens of a third power who might happen to be resident in the place so attacked had no claim whatever upon the government which in the exercise of its natural rights committed those acts of hostility. Those who went to a foreign country must abide by the chances which might befal that country. If they had any claim at all, it must be upon the country in which they were; but they had certainly no claim upon the government which thought it right to commit the acts of hostility. Her Majesty's government had therefore been advised that British subjects had no grounds upon which a claim could be made upon the government of the United States for compensation for the injuries which they had suffered in that attack upon Greytown."

SMALL FARMS.

We find in an old Roman poet this precept to Roman farmers:

"Praise a large farm,—till a small one."

Although it was penned almost two thousand years ago, yet it applies with unabated force to American farmers. There is among our tillers of the soil a passion to be large land-owners, which is prejudicial to the agricultural interest. Many begin life penniless and landless. Their first scanty earnings are spent in the purchase of land. They go on as their means increase, adding field to field until some of them may have half a township in their possession. For this object they rise early, sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness. For this they sacrifice all improvement of themselves.

Now is there not a more excellent way? Would it not be better for land-holders to moderate their passion for land, to be content with a few acres, and spend surplus money in the more careful tillage of those few? There would then be land for all that desire it; agricultural skill would be developed, and many enterprising persons would be retained on farms through life to ennoble the pursuits of their early years, to enlighten by their instruction and example their fellow-laborers, while they are now driven to shops, to merchandize and to professional life, only to be baffled at every turn of fortune.

No one thing, at this time, is more detrimental to the farmers of America than their propensity to till too much land. It is making whole counties poorer every year. So great has been this impoverishment that it is estimated that a thousand million of dollars are now needed to bring back the soil of the Free States to the high fertility it possessed when the woodman's axe first felled the forests and let in the sun—and this same process must go on till we learn that first lesson in farming; that our income does not depend on the scanty tillage of many acres, but upon the liberal tillage of a few.

There is an intimate connection between large farms and scanty crops—the earth makes just returns. She yields sparingly or bountifully as we trust her. As most men having large farms, no capital besides their land, buildings and stock, they are not able to introduce more expensive but tried modes of culture, to make experiments or to reclaim their waste lands. When they are urged to make such and such improvements, their plea invariably is, "We cannot afford it. The best we can do is to support our families and pay our taxes. Improvement is out of the question." So they go on, year after year, in those old ways of culture by which a large portion of soil has become so profitless.

We would suggest to these large land-holders that they turn part of their land back again into capital, and that they use that capital in tilling as they ought to till the rest. Or if they have sons, to divide a portion among them. Then they would be compelled to limit their own strength and skill to a smaller surface. Their nett income would be greater, their lands would become better, the withered pasture lands would receive attention, and the meadows, those mines of agricultural wealth, would be drained and recovered.

A CIRCASSIAN RAID.—According to the *Triester Zeitung*, an engagement between the Russians and Circassians took place in the latter part of April in which both sides sustained heavy losses, the Circassians, however, taking with them as captives five thousand Russian families—depopulating several villages in their route.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

COFFEE is moderately inquired for, at previous figures; Java, 16@16½c.; Laguayra, 12½@12¾c.; Jamaica, 12¼c.; Maracaibo, 12½@13¼c.; Rio, 10¼@12c.; St. Domingo, 12c.; Costa Rica, 13½@14¼c. ℔ lb.

COTTON—The demand is improving and prices are advancing. The available supply is 45,200 bales, against 49,000 bales same time last year.

DRY GOODS—Domestic Cottons attract a little more attention, but most other fabrics are sparingly sought after. Prices continue irregular, varying with the necessities of sellers and buyers. The new tariff law will no longer operate as an impediment to free movements.

FISH—The general demand is tame, yet prices are sustained.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for State and Western Flour exhibits no really new feature. The supply is ample, especially of undesirable lots. The demand is moderate, chiefly for home use; prices have not varied much lately. Sales—9,000 bbls., in lots.

FOREIGN LIQUORS—Business has been partially suspended awaiting the effect of the new tariff law. Henceforward more may be looked for, though the high claims of factors are apt to impede the execution of orders.

FRUIT—The leading articles are in request at about former quotations.

GRAIN—Wheat is quiet, yet steady sales; 9,500 bushels, including Western red at $1 50 ℔ bushel. The range for all kinds of old is from $1 72½@$1 95 for white, and $1 47½@$1 72½ for red ℔ bushel. The last sale of new was at $2 25 for a small lot of prime white Georgia ℔ bushel. Some new red Tennessee is in market; a buyer offered $2 ℔ bushel for it, but this bid was rejected.

HAY—There were 500 bales River bought at 70@80c. ℔ 100 lbs.

PROVISIONS—The transactions since our last consist of 280 bbls., at $14@$15 for Country Mess; $16@$17 for repacked Western Mess, and $17 50@$18 for extra Western do., ℔ bbl. New Prime Mess Beef $28@30 ℔ bbl. Beef Hams $22@24 ℔ bbl. Butter is in demand, and is steady at 16@21c. for new Ohio; 18@23c. for common to very good State, and 24@28c. for prime to choice do., ℔ lb. Cheese is dull and heavy at 8@10½c. ℔ lb.

WOOL—During the month of June there was a fair demand for Domestic Wool, and the small stock of Domestic Fleece was soon exhausted. The wet and cold weather prevented an early clip, and new wool arrived sparingly during the latter part of the month only. We have never seen fleeces in better condition, being cleaner and lighter than for years past, and we only hope the majority of the clip of this year will come in in a similar manner. Last year's clip prices are not merely sustained in the interior, but even 3@5c. ℔ lb. higher.

EDUCATION.

A. M. D. G.

COLLEGE OF HOLY CROSS,

WORCESTER, MASS.

THIS College, founded and placed by the Right Reverend BENEDICT JOSEPH FENWICK, Bishop of Boston, under the care of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, beautifully situated on the heights of Worcester, commands a full view of the city and surrounding country, and is distinguished for its remarkably healthy air, and abundant supply of good water. A farm of ninety-six acres is attached to the College.

The plan of education is desired to prepare young men for an ecclesiastical, professional, or commercial state of life.

Age of admission, from nine to fifteen years. No student admitted for a less term than six months, and no deduction made, if removed before the term expires.

Terms:

The pension for the scholastic year, for Tuition, Board, and Lodging, Washing and Mending, Linen and Stockings, is - - - - - $150 00
For Half-Boarders, - - - - - - 100 00
For Day-Boarders, - - - - - - 50 00
Use of Philosophical Instruments, - - - 10 00
Graduation Fees, - - - - - - 10 00
For such Students as may spend their vacations at the College, an extra charge will be made, of - - - - - - 20 00

The following items are extra charges: the German, Spanish, and Italian languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, Dancing, Fencing, and Medical attendance.

All charges must be paid half yearly in *advance*. Should any defer for the space of *one month* to pay in advance, the President of the College is directed to remove their sons or wards from the Institution.

No advance for clothing or other expenses will be made by the College, unless a deposit be left with the Treasurer for the purpose.

Every student must be provided with the uniform, namely: black frock coat or jacket, white pantaloons and vest in Summer, blue pantaloons and dark vest in Winter. No student is to visit out of the College without his uniform. All must be provided with two suits for daily wear, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, six handkerchiefs, three pairs of shoes or boots, great coat or cloak. Each student must also be provided with a silver spoon.

Regular accounts of board, tuition, will be sent every six months in advance. It is earnestly requested that immediate remittances be made to the full amount.

PETER J. BLENKINSOP, S.J.,
President.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is - - - - - $150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin - - - - - 125
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra - - - - - 15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum - - - - - 20
Music, per annum - - - - - 40
Use of Piano, per annum - - - - - 8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Under the Direction of the Sisters of Charity.

THIS INSTITUTION, the object of which is to give young girls of the middle and poorer classes an opportunity of receiving an education to fit them thoroughly to fulfil the duties of the station in which Divine Providence has placed them, opened on the 24th of November, 1856, under the special protection of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

In order to give the Pupils under their charge the full advantage of an English education, to instruct them in the duties of their Holy Faith, and, above all, to guard them under the eye of religion during the most critical period of life—from twelve to eighteen—as well as to teach them the different female trades, such as Mantuamaking, Plain Sewing, Tailoring, Making Flowers, Vestments for the Church, Embroidering, the Use of the Sewing Machine, &c., the Sisters propose generally to keep them under instruction for three years, with an entrance fee of fifty dollars.

No charge will be made to Day Scholars if they attend three years. But three dollars a quarter will be charged to those who enter the School for a shorter time.

Boarders wishing to remain in the Establishment only one year will pay fifty dollars.

For particulars apply at the Institution, No. 75 East Seventh street. mar21 tf

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

BY P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Stages leave railroad at Newark for Belleville, 3 miles off, at 9½ A. M., and 4½ P. M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation. (Signed,) J. HOGAN
ap11 3m Catholic Pastor.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance. A few Boarders can be admitted.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.

oct13 tf JOHN McKINNEY, *Principal.*

EDUCATION.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance*.

Classical Course per session of ten months - - - - $1 75
Commercial " " " " - - - - 1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
n6 3m *President.*

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is destined to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

MICHAEL DRISCOL, S. J.,
President.

SHIPPING.

WILLIAMS & GUION'S OLD BLACK STAR LINE OF PACKETS.

1857.

PASSAGE FROM ANY PART OF GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND secured, at the lowest possible rates by the old established line, sailing from Liverpool for New York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonnage.*
ATMOSPHERE,	Pray,	2,000
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BELLE WOOD,	Tucker,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CITY OF MOBILE,	Marshall,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
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